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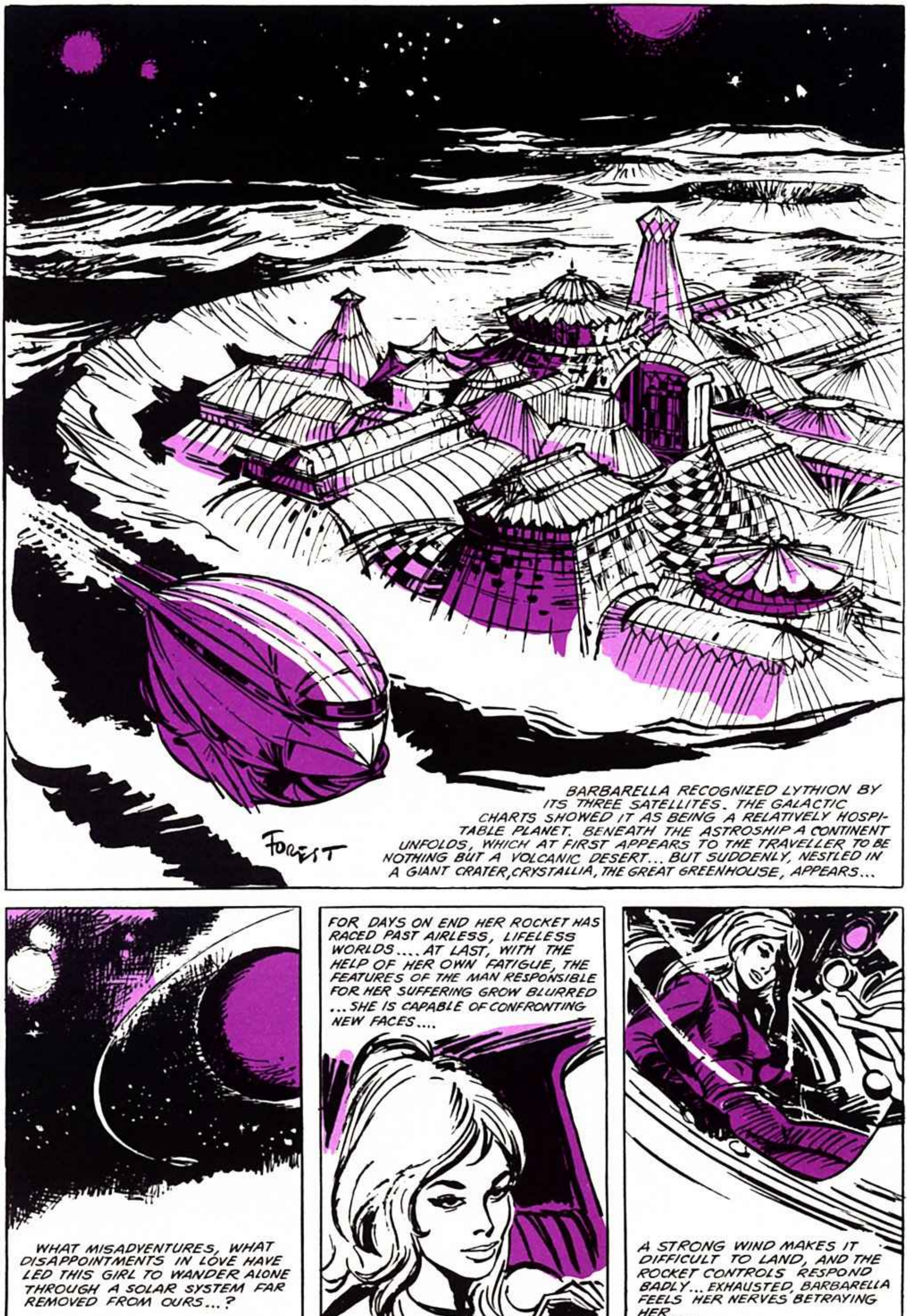
Barbarella



BY JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST

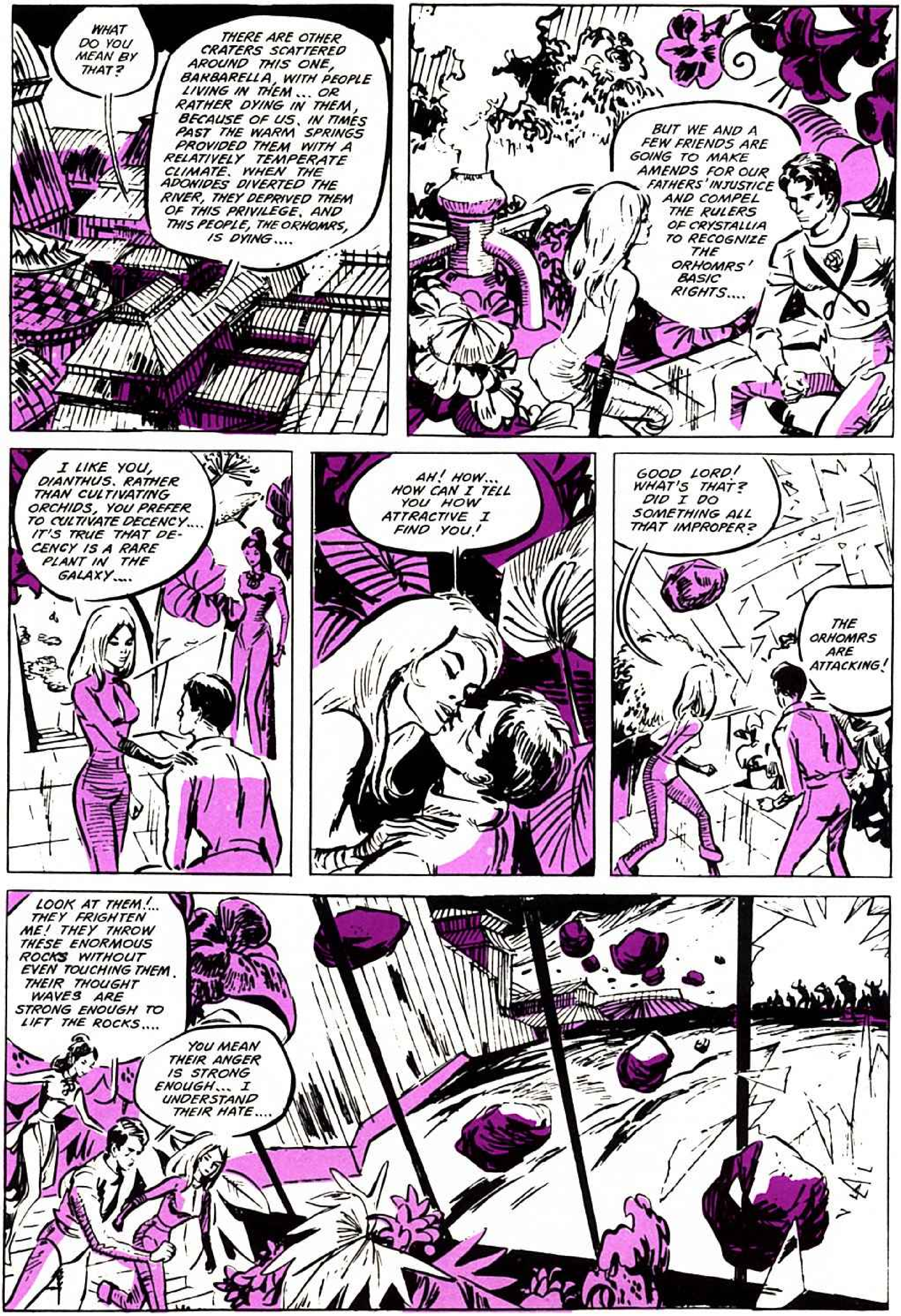
BARBARELLA

JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST/GROVE PRESS, INC. NEW YORK


BARBARELLA RECOGNIZED LYTHION BY ITS THREE SATELLITES. THE GALACTIC CHARTS SHOWED IT AS BEING A RELATIVELY HOSPITABLE PLANET. BENEATH THE ASTROSHIP A CONTINENT UNFOLDS, WHICH AT FIRST APPEARS TO THE TRAVELLER TO BE NOTHING BUT A VOLCANIC DESERT... BUT SUDDENLY, NESTLED IN A GIANT CRATER, CRYSTALLIA, THE GREAT GREENHOUSE, APPEARS...
FOREST
WHAT MISADVENTURES, WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE HAVE LED THIS GIRL TO WANDER ALONE THROUGH A SOLAR SYSTEM FAR REMOVED FROM OURS...?
FOR DAYS ON END HER ROCKET HAS RACED PAST AIRLESS, LIFELESS WORLDS.... AT LAST, WITH THE HELP OF HER OWN FATIGUE, THE FEATURES OF THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HER SUFFERING GROW BLURRED ... SHE IS CAPABLE OF CONFRONTING NEW FACES....
A STRONG WIND MAKES IT DIFFICULT TO LAND, AND THE ROCKET CONTROLS RESPOND BADLY... EXHAUSTED, BARBARELLA FEELS HER NERVES BETRAYING HER....

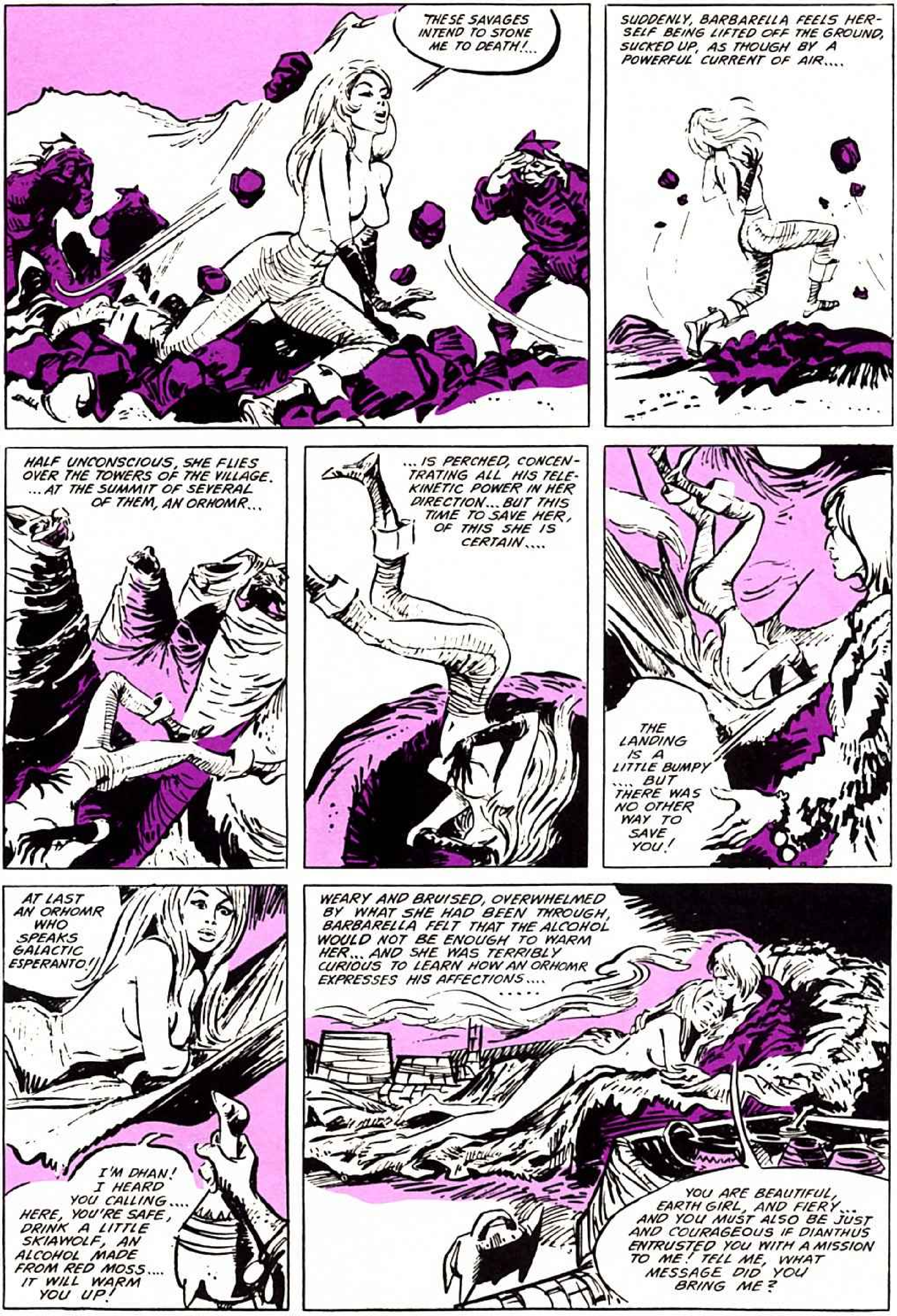

OUT OF CONTROL, THE ROCKET CRASHES THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW.
MIRACULOUSLY, BARBARELLA IS UNSCATHED...
HURRY, I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE ... THE ROCKET MAY CATCH ON FIRE ...
I'VE FALLEN INTO A GREEN-HOUSE OF ROSE BUSHES.... BUT...WHAT'S GOING ON? IS IT THE ICY WIND THAT'S MAKING THE BUSHES MOVE THIS WAY?
SOUND THE ALARM! AN ACCIDENT IN THE EIGHTH GREENHOUSE! THE WIND'S RUSH-ING THRU' THE BROKEN WINDOW! THE ROSES ARE WITHERING!...
HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
WE DON'T KNOW, SIRE!
IT'S OBVIOUS THIS IS THE WORK OF ORHOMRS!
ISOLATE THE GREENHOUSE AND PREPARE THE CRYSTAL ORGAN FOR FIRING!...
NO! IT'S NOT THE ORHOMRS! IT'S AN ASTRO-SHIP! MY SISTER KNAUTIA AND I SAW IT CRASH ... THE PILOT MAY STILL BE ALIVE!...
I'M GOING TO BE SLASHED TO RIBBONS BY THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF THE ROSE BUSHES. IT'S REALLY TOO POETIC A DEATH! OPEN UP!.. HELP!..
KNAUTIA! I CAN HEAR SOMEONE CALLING. WE'VE GOT TO OPEN THE GREENHOUSE DOORS!


YOU WERE VERY LUCKY, EARTH GIRL. YOUR WOUNDS AREN'T TOO SERIOUS....
THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE... WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND THE NAME OF YOUR PEOPLE?
DIANTHUS, AND THIS IS MY SISTER KNAUTIA... YOU'RE WITH THE ADONIDES, THE INHABITANTS OF CRYSTALLIA, THE GREAT GREENHOUSE...
THE ADONIDES! THE FAMOUS HORICULTURISTS ...CRYSTALLIA'S FLOWERS ARE FAMOUS EVEN ON EARTH.
COME AND VISIT OUR CITY....
ONE HAS THE IMPRES-SION OF BEING IN A TROPICAL CLIMATE... WHERE DOES THIS HEAT AND HUMIDITY COME FROM?
FROM THE HOT WATER OF AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!
THIS WATER ALSO HAS THE PROPERTY OF FOSTERING PLANT MUTA-TIONS AND GRAFTING... THIS ENABLES US TO CREATE FLOWERS THAT YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANYWHERE ELSE! AND THE MERCHANTS PASSING BY LYTHION PAY A SMALL FORTUNE FOR THEM!
EVEN WITHOUT COMPARING IT TO THE SURROUNDING DESERT, CRYSTALLIA IS LIKE A WONDERFUL OASIS!...
YES, IT'S ALWAYS SPRING HERE!
YOU SEEM SAD WHEN YOU SAY THAT! ISN'T IT REALLY A PARADISE?
MAYBE SO...! BUT MANY ADONIDES CAN'T ENJOY IT WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE....

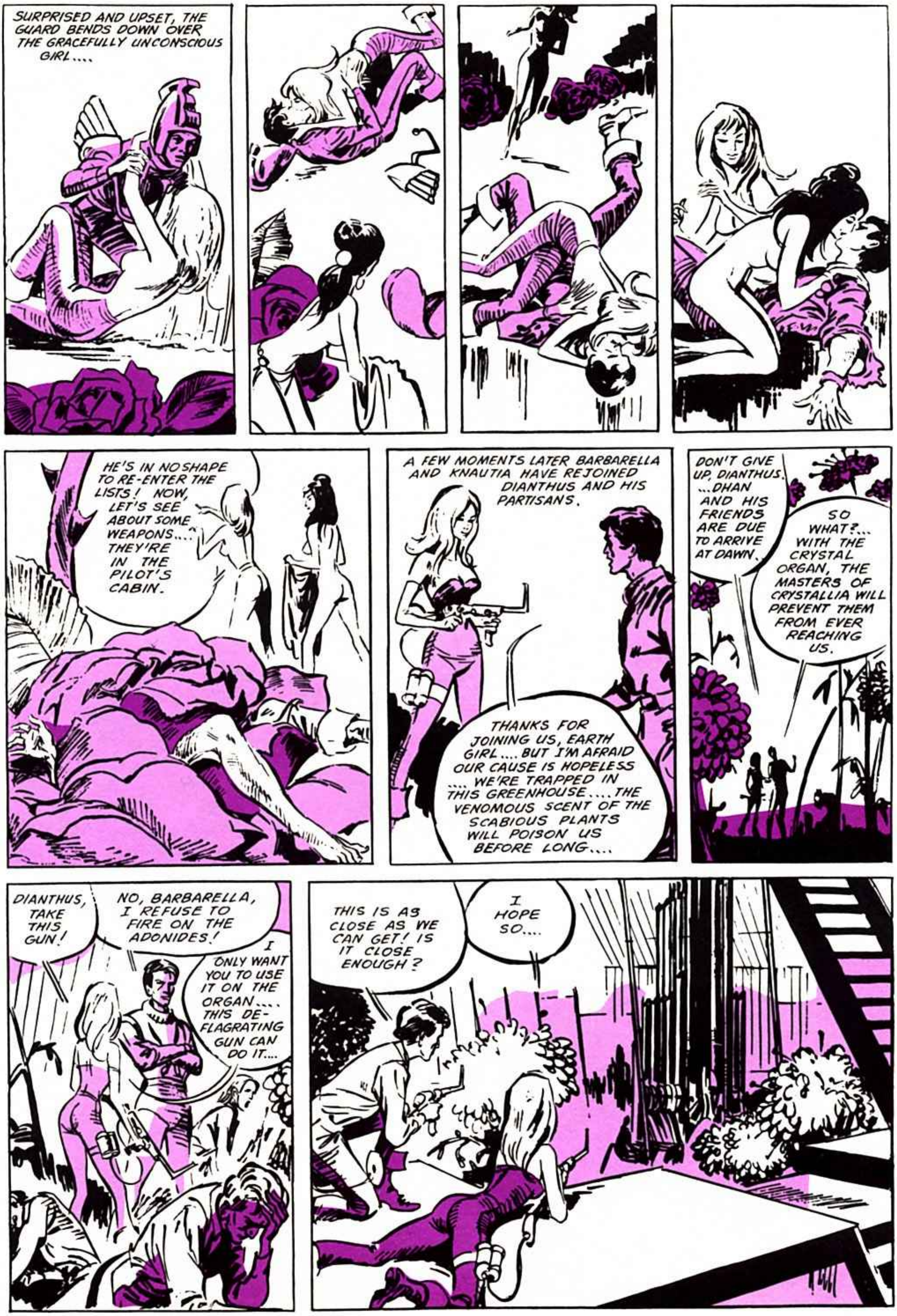

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
THERE ARE OTHER CRATERS SCATTERED AROUND THIS ONE, BARBARELLA, WITH PEOPLE LIVING IN THEM ... OR RATHER DYING IN THEM, BECAUSE OF US. IN TIMES PAST THE WARM SPRINGS PROVIDED THEM WITH A RELATIVELY TEMPERATE CLIMATE. WHEN THE ADONIDES DIVERTED THE RIVER, THEY DEPRIVED THEM OF THIS PRIVILEGE. AND THIS PEOPLE, THE ORHOMRS, IS DYING....
BUT WE AND A FEW FRIENDS ARE GOING TO MAKE AMENDS FOR OUR FATHERS' INJUSTICE AND COMPEL THE RULERS OF CRYSTALLIA TO RECOGNIZE THE ORHOMRS' BASIC RIGHTS....
I LIKE YOU, DIANTHUS. RATHER THAN CULTIVATING ORCHIDS, YOU PREFER TO CULTIVATE DECENCY.... IT'S TRUE THAT DE-CENCY IS A RARE PLANT IN THE GALAXY....
AH! HOW... HOW CAN I TELL YOU HOW ATTRACTIVE I FIND YOU!
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT? DID I DO SOMETHING ALL THAT IMPROPER?
THE ORHOMRS ARE ATTACKING!
LOOK AT THEM!... THEY FRIGHTEN ME! THEY THROW THESE ENORMOUS ROCKS WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING THEM. THEIR THOUGHT WAVES ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THE ROCKS....
YOU MEAN THEIR ANGER IS STRONG ENOUGH... I UNDERSTAND THEIR HATE....


BUT THEY MAY DESTROY CRYSTALLIA...! WHAT DO THE ADONIDES DO TO DEFEND THEMSELVES?
FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL SEE!
THIS CRYSTAL ORGAN SENDS OUT PARALYZING MUSIC... THE ORHOMRS' ATTACK IS A SUICIDE OPERATION!
POOR CREATURES! LOOK HOW MANY OF THEM ARE FALLING!
THEY'RE LEAVING, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK. THEY ALWAYS COME BACK. NOTHING DISCOURAGES THEM!
WE MUST PUT AN END TO THIS SITUATION. UNFORTUNATELY, ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN ABLE TO ESTABLISH SECRET CONTACT WITH THE MODERATE FACTION OF THE ORHOMRS, I'M NOW TOO CLOSELY WATCHED TO BE ABLE TO PUT THE REST OF MY PLAN INTO ACTION.
DIANTHUS, I WANT TO HELP YOU RECONCILE YOUR PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT... WHAT CAN I DO?
IT'S DANGEROUS... BUT IF YOUR MIND IS REALLY MADE UP... COME ALONG!
THIS ANIMAL IS REALLY HIDEOUS, AND THE IDEA OF HOLLOWING OUT A SEAT IN ITS GREASY INSENSITIVE BACK IS COMPLETELY RE-PELLING... BUT THE STRIULE IS THE ONLY MOUNT CAPABLE OF BRAVING THE ICY WINDS OF THE DESERT!

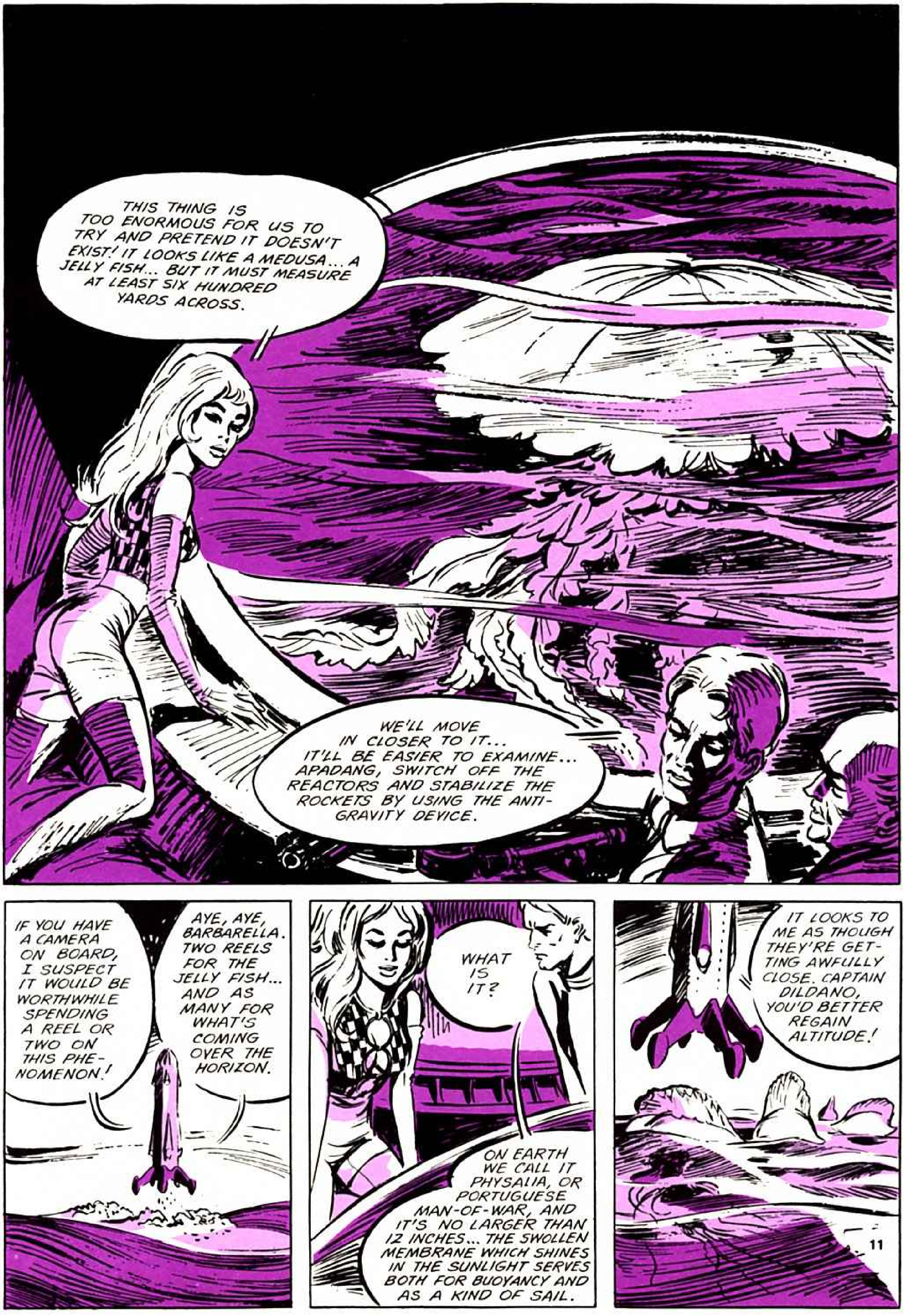

THE CITY OF THE ORHOMRS...! THEY LIVE IN TOWERS OF DRIED MUD, ERECTED ON WHAT USED TO BE THE NATURAL OPENINGS FOR THE STEAM....
DIANTHUS HAS A FRIEND AMONG THE ORHOMRS, DHAN. I HAVE A PACKAGE AND A MESSAGE FOR HIM.... BUT HOW DO I FIND HIM?
OH-OH! I WAS WRONG TO CREATE PROBLEMS FOR MYSELF!
THESE BRUTES HAVE HALF UNDRESSED ME!... THEY TAKE ME FOR AN ADONIDE! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH ME?
DHAN! IS ONE OF YOU DHAN? I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR HIM! OH! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ME!... WHERE ARE THEY TAKING ME?
WHY HAVE THEY THROWN ME ON THESE SHARP STONES...?
BARBARELLA IS QUICKLY ENLIGHTENED. THE ORHOMRS PLACE THEIR FROST-BITTEN FINGERS ON THEIR FOREHEADS....

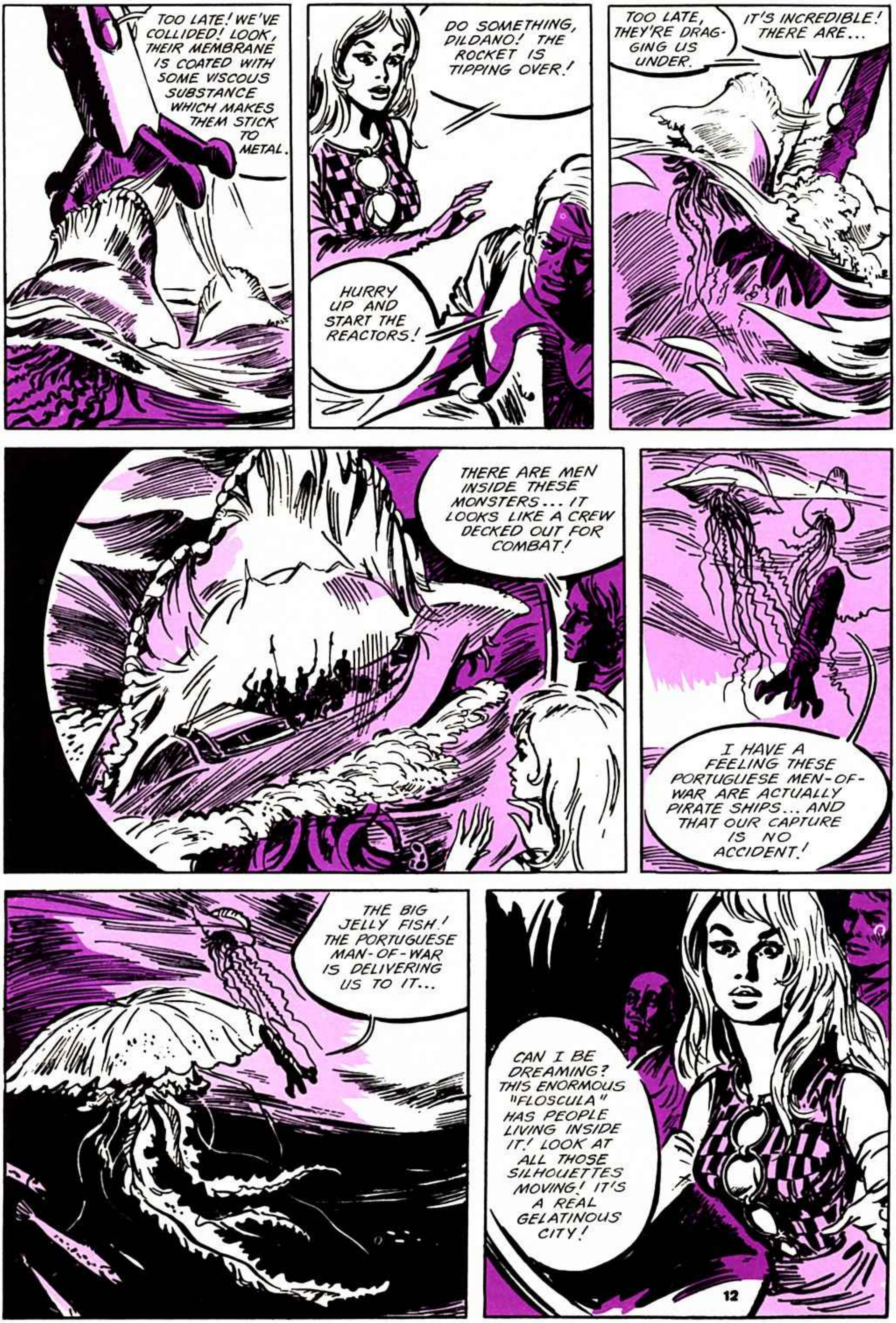

THESE SAVAGES INTEND TO STONE ME TO DEATH!...
SUDDENLY, BARBARELLA FEELS HERSELF BEING LIFTED OFF THE GROUND, SUCKED UP, AS THOUGH BY A POWERFUL CURRENT OF AIR....
HALF UNCONSCIOUS, SHE FLIES OVER THE TOWERS OF THE VILLAGE. ...AT THE SUMMIT OF SEVERAL OF THEM, AN ORHOMR...
...IS PERCHED, CONCENTRATING ALL HIS TELEKINETIC POWER IN HER DIRECTION... BUT THIS TIME TO SAVE HER, OF THIS SHE IS CERTAIN....
THE LANDING IS A LITTLE BUMPY .... BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY TO SAVE YOU!
AT LAST AN ORHOMR WHO SPEAKS GALACTIC ESPERANTO!
I'M DHAN! I HEARD YOU CALLING.... HERE, YOU'RE SAFE, DRINK A LITTLE SKIAWOLF, AN ALCOHOL MADE FROM RED MOSS.... IT WILL WARM YOU UP!
WEARY AND BRUISED, OVERWHELMED BY WHAT SHE HAD BEEN THROUGH, BARBARELLA FELT THAT THE ALCOHOL WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH TO WARM HER... AND SHE WAS TERRIBLY CURIOUS TO LEARN HOW AN ORHOMR EXPRESSES HIS AFFECTIONS.........
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, EARTH GIRL, AND FIERY... AND YOU MUST ALSO BE JUST AND COURAGEOUS IF DIANTHUS ENTRUSTED YOU WITH A MISSION TO ME! TELL ME, WHAT MESSAGE DID YOU BRING ME?


THE MESSAGE AND THE COFFER WHICH WENT WITH IT ARE BACK IN THE STRIULE....
DIANTHUS IS FOR A COMBINED OPERATION. DO YOU AGREE?
YES... HE'S SENDING ME A POWERFUL NARCOTIC, WHICH HE HIMSELF HAS EXTRACTED FROM A GIANT POPPY... THIS WILL ENABLE ME TO NEUTRALIZE THOSE WHO, ON MY SIDE, ARE OPPOSED TO OUR RECONCILIATION....
BARBARELLA WINGS BACK TO CRYSTALLIA, A MESSENGER OF HOPE.
WHAT'S GOING ON? MY, WHAT EXCITEMENT! I'D BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!
KNAUTIA SUDDENLY APPEARS.
BARBARELLA! COME AND HIDE...! DIANTHUS' PLANS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED... THE MASTERS OF CRYSTALLIA ARE AFTER US!
NO, ALL IS NOT LOST... LET'S TRY AND GET BACK TO THE WRECK OF MY ROCKET.... I NEED A WEAPON!
JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! THEY'VE STATIONED A GUARD.... FOR US POOR DEFENSELESS WOMEN, THERE AREN'T A DOZEN WAYS TO SKIN A CAT!
HEY! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? THAT'S SOME OUTFIT YOU DON'T HAVE ON! BUT DRESSED THAT OR ANY OTHER WAY, NO ONE'S ALLOWED NEAR THE ROCKET...
WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?


SURPRISED AND UPSET, THE GUARD BENDS DOWN OVER THE GRACEFULLY UNCONSCIOUS GIRL....
HE'S IN NO SHAPE TO RE-ENTER THE LISTS! NOW, LET'S SEE ABOUT SOME WEAPONS.... THEY'RE IN THE PILOT'S CABIN.
A FEW MOMENTS LATER BARBARELLA AND KNAUTIA HAVE REJOINED DIANTHUS AND HIS PARTISANS.
THANKS FOR JOINING US, EARTH GIRL.... BUT I'M AFRAID OUR CAUSE IS HOPELESS .... WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS GREENHOUSE.... THE VENOMOUS SCENT OF THE SCABIOUS PLANTS WILL POISON US BEFORE LONG....
DON'T GIVE UP, DIANTHUS. ...DHAN AND HIS FRIENDS ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT DAWN.
SO WHAT?... WITH THE CRYSTAL ORGAN, THE MASTERS OF CRYSTALLIA WILL PREVENT THEM FROM EVER REACHING US.
DIANTHUS, TAKE THIS GUN!
NO, BARBARELLA, I REFUSE TO FIRE ON THE ADONIDES!
I ONLY WANT YOU TO USE IT ON THE ORGAN.... THIS DE-FLAGRATING GUN CAN DO IT....
THIS IS AS CLOSE AS WE CAN GET! IS IT CLOSE ENOUGH?
I HOPE SO....

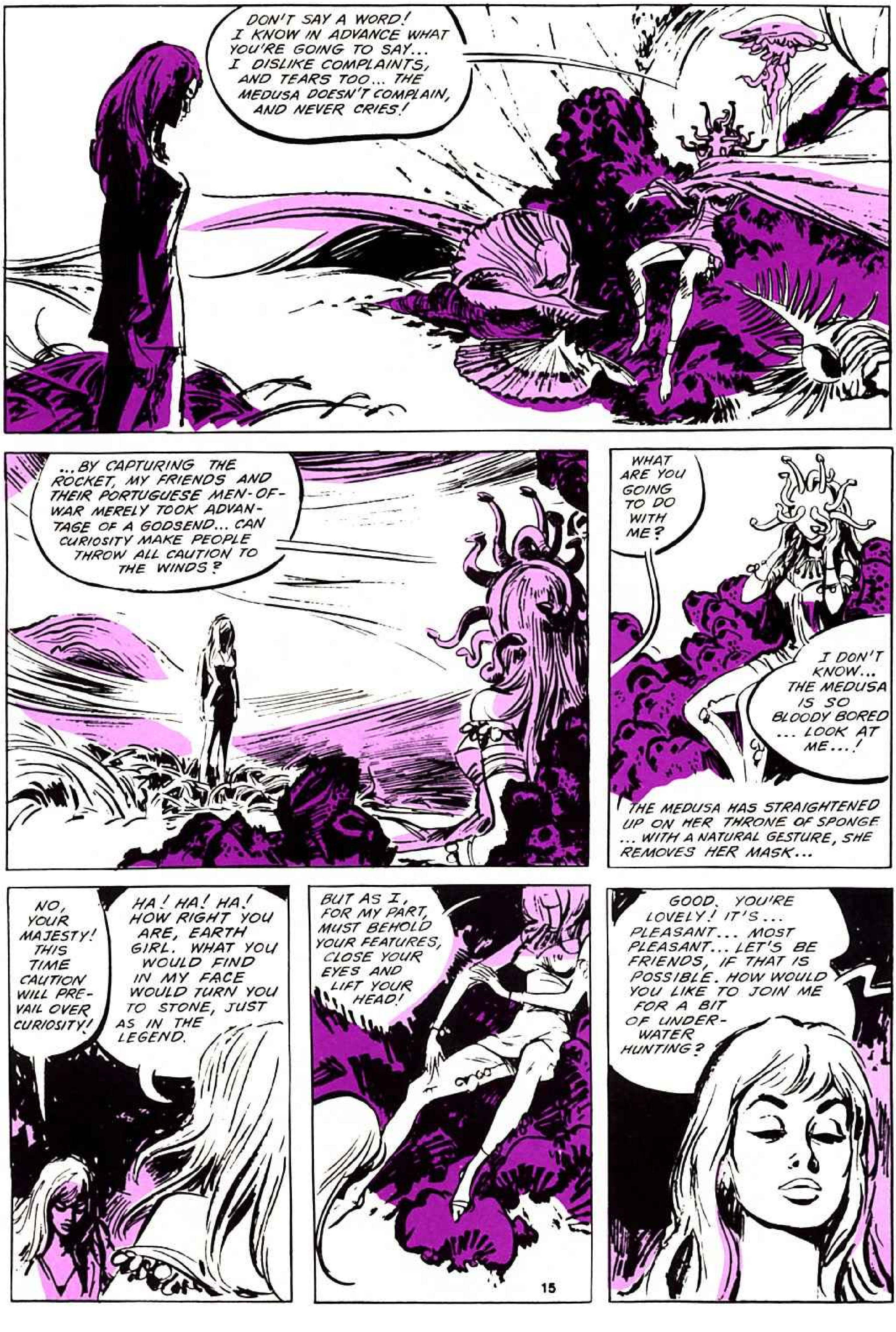

STRIPPED OF THEIR PRINCIPAL WEAPON, THE ADONIDES WHO ARE OPPOSED TO ANY RECONCILIATION WITH THE DESERT PEOPLE GIVE UP THE STRUGGLE .... TERRIFIED, THEY WATCH THEIR ENEMIES MARCH INTO CRYSTALLIA. BUT THE INTENTIONS OF THE ORHORMS ARE PEACEABLE.... DIANTHUS WAS RIGHT!
DIANTHUS AND DHAN HAVE DONE IT.... I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE.
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE!... IN WHOSE ARMS SHALL I CELEBRATE FIRST THE VICTORY OF GOOD OVER EVIL, DIANTHUS' OR DHAN'S?
DHAN IN DEEP CONVERSATION WITH KNAUTIA! ... THEY'RE NOT WASTING ANY TIME!
AND WHERE DID DIANTHUS DIG UP THIS SWEET YOUNG ORHOMR? BARBARELLA, YOU HAVE NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE.
I'M IN LUCK.... A CARGO ROCKET HAS JUST LANDED!... IT'S PROBABLY WAITING FOR A LOAD OF FLOWERS....
HELLO THERE, YOU HANDSOME CAPTAIN. STILL HAVE A SEAT FOR ME AMONG THE BLUE ROSES AND WILD AMARANTHS?
A SEAT OF HONOR, BEAUTIFUL ORCHID!


THIS THING IS TOO ENORMOUS FOR US TO TRY AND PRETEND IT DOESN'T EXIST! IT LOOKS LIKE A MEDUSA... A JELLY FISH... BUT IT MUST MEASURE AT LEAST SIX HUNDRED YARDS ACROSS.
WE'LL MOVE IN CLOSER TO IT... IT'LL BE EASIER TO EXAMINE... APADANG, SWITCH OFF THE REACTORS AND STABILIZE THE ROCKETS BY USING THE ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE.
IF YOU HAVE A CAMERA ON BOARD, I SUSPECT IT WOULD BE WORTHWHILE SPENDING A REEL OR TWO ON THIS PHENOMENON!
AYE, AYE, BARBARELLA. TWO REELS FOR THE JELLY FISH... AND AS MANY FOR WHAT'S COMING OVER THE HORIZON.
WHAT IS IT?
ON EARTH WE CALL IT PHYSALIA, OR PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR, AND IT'S NO LARGER THAN 12 INCHES... THE SWOLLEN MEMBRANE WHICH SHINES IN THE SUNLIGHT SERVES BOTH FOR BUOYANCY AND AS A KIND OF SAIL.
IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH THEY'RE GETTING AWFULLY CLOSE. CAPTAIN DILDANO, YOU'D BETTER REGAIN ALTITUDE!

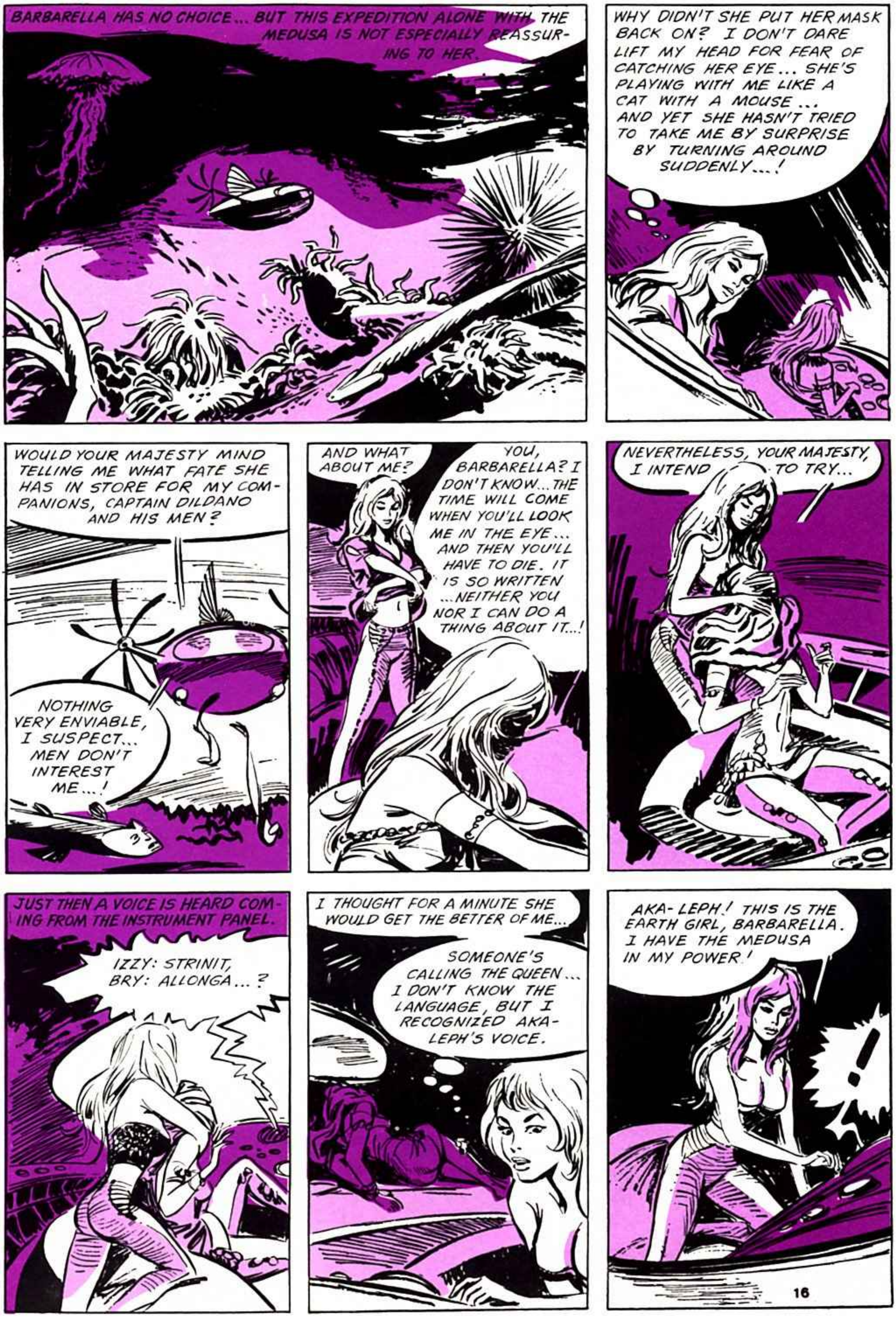

TOO LATE! WE'VE COLLIDED! LOOK, THEIR MEMBRANE IS COATED WITH SOME VISCOUS SUBSTANCE WHICH MAKES THEM STICK TO METAL.
DO SOMETHING, DILDANO! THE ROCKET IS TIPPING OVER!
HURRY UP AND START THE REACTORS!
TOO LATE, THEY'RE DRAGGING US UNDER.
IT'S INCREDIBLE! THERE ARE...
THERE ARE MEN INSIDE THESE MONSTERS... IT LOOKS LIKE A CREW DECKED OUT FOR COMBAT!
I HAVE A FEELING THESE PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-WAR ARE ACTUALLY PIRATE SHIPS... AND THAT OUR CAPTURE IS NO ACCIDENT!
THE BIG JELLY FISH! THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR IS DELIVERING US TO IT...
CAN I BE DREAMING? THIS ENORMOUS "FLOSCULA" HAS PEOPLE LIVING INSIDE IT! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SILHOUETTES MOVING! IT'S A REAL GELATINOUS CITY!

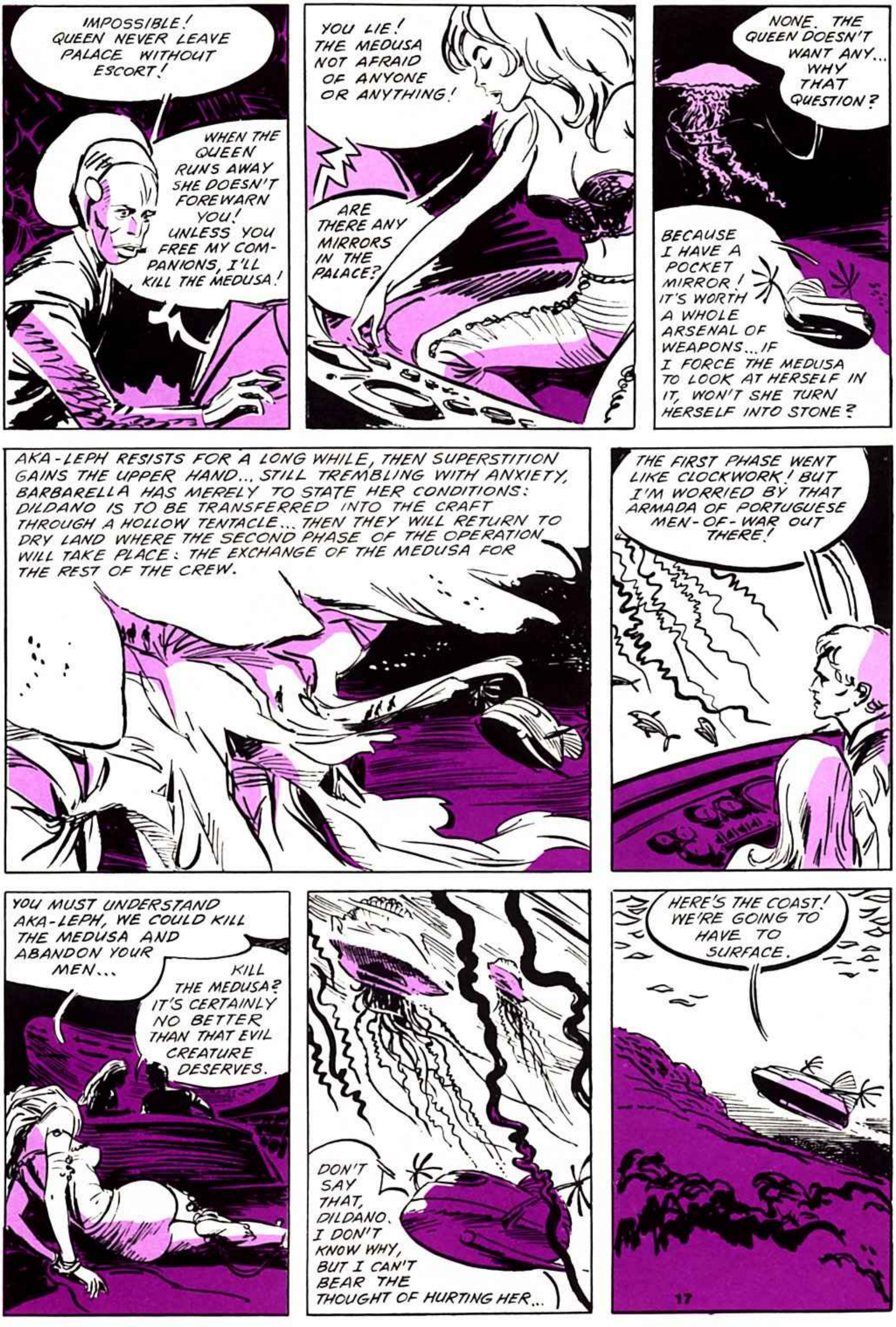

ABSORBED BY THE MEDUSA, THE ASTROSHIP IS SOON RESTING IN THE CENTER OF AN ENORMOUS ROOM WITH FLEXIBLE, TRANSPARENT WALLS...
I'M FURIOUS! GIVE ME A DIVING SUIT, DILDANO, AT ONCE! WE MUST LODGE AN IMMEDIATE PROTEST AGAINST THIS OUT-AND-OUT ACT OF PIRACY... OR ELSE GO AND DEMAND THE PROTECTION OF THE EARTH CONSUL.
IMPOSSIBLE, BARBARELLA! THE ROCKET'S BEEN SERIOUSLY DAMAGED... THE WATERTIGHT DOORS CLOSED AUTOMATICALLY, AND THERE'S NO WAY TO GET TO THE DIVING SUITS!
IT DOESN'T MATTER. ACCORDING TO THE INDICATORS, THE WATER HAS GIVEN WAY TO STRONGLY IODIZED BUT NON-TOXIC AIR... I'M GOING OUT WITHOUT A DIVING SUIT!
MISS, ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO GIVE IT A TRY.
BUT SCARCELY HAS THE QUARTERMASTER APADANG VENTURED FORTH FROM THE AIR-LOCK THAN HE COLLAPSES, HIS HANDS AND FACE HORRIBLY BLISTERED. THE AIR IS SATURATED WITH STINGING PARTICLES.
THAT'S TERRIBLE, DILDANO! AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM... BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE PEOPLE DASHING UP... THEY'RE SIGNALLING TO US. I THINK THEY WANT TO COME INTO THE ROCKET...
MY NAME: AKA-LEPH. EARTHIANS, DO YOU SPEAK GALACTIC ESPERANTO? YOU UNDERSTAND: EVERYONE TAKE OFF CLOTHES QUICK!
WHAT DO THESE FISHY-SMELLING BRUTES WANT? I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM IN...!
DON'T LET THEM PUSH US AROUND!
BAH! I DON'T THINK THEY MEAN US ANY HARM... AND BESIDES, IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME AN OUTER-SPACE CREATURE HAS VIEWED MY NUDITY!


VAPORIZED SUBSTANCE... PROTECT YOUR EPIDERMIS, EARTH GIRL!
IT DESERVES IT, IF I DO SAY SO!
ALSO SWALLOW POWERFUL ANTI-ALLERGY MEDICINE: EARTH GIRL COMPLETELY PROTECTED AGAINST GIANT NETTLE-RASH.
THANKS, BABY!
MEN WILL BE GIVEN SAME TREATMENT... BUT EARTH GIRL FOLLOW ME WITHOUT WAITING!
EARTH GIRL SOON MEET MEDUSA!
I THOUGHT WE'D ALREADY BEEN INTRODUCED...
... TWO MEDUSAS... I MEAN: THERE ARE TWO MEDUSAS: EQUALLY DANGEROUS... BUT EACH IN OWN WAY.
IF THE EARTH GIRL WISHES TO LAST A LITTLE LONGER: I MEAN: LIVE ... NO LOOK OUR SOVEREIGN IN THE EYES.
THAT'S FINE, AKA-LEPH. LEAVE US ALONE!

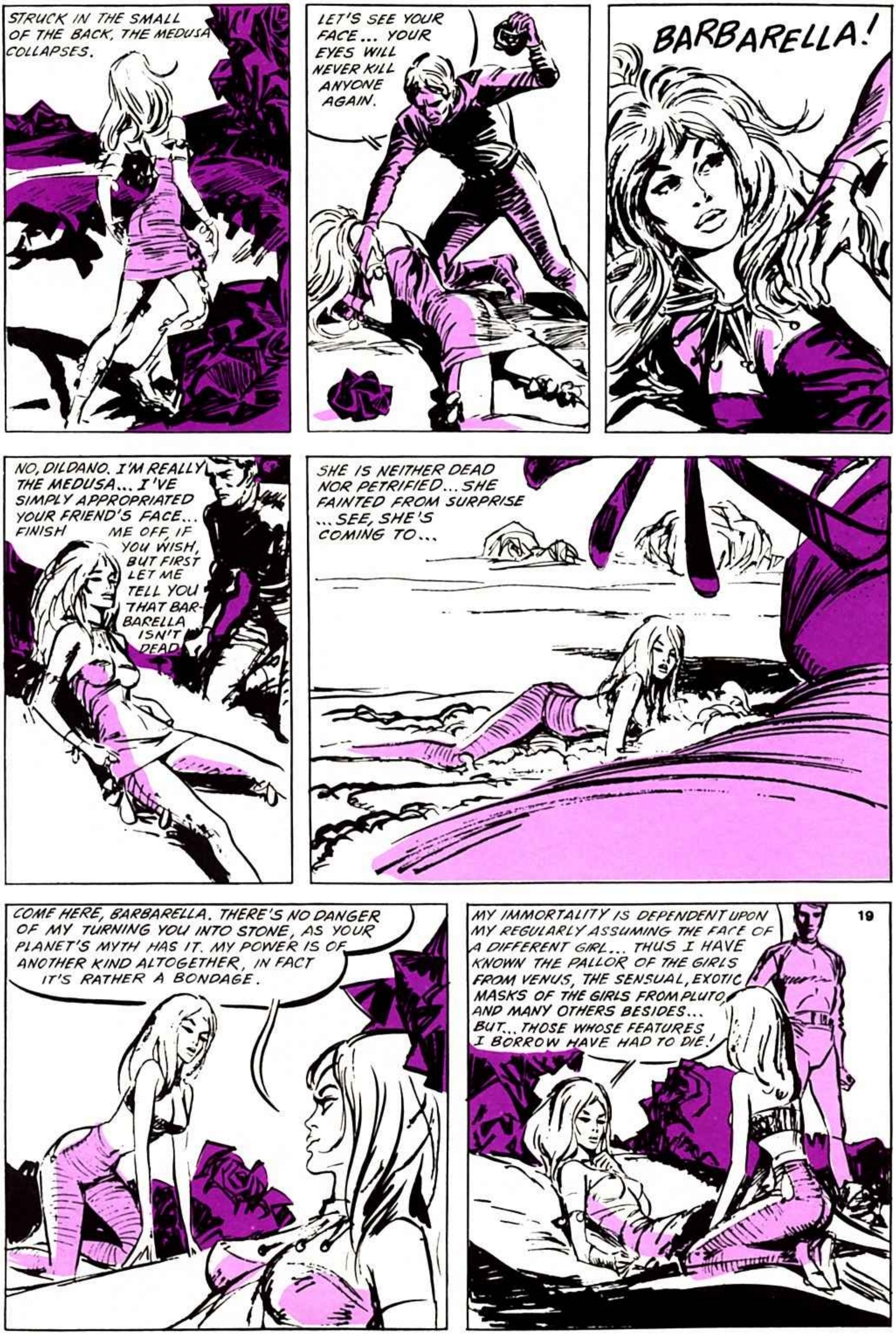


DON'T SAY A WORD! I KNOW IN ADVANCE WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY... I DISLIKE COMPLAINTS, AND TEARS TOO... THE MEDUSA DOESN'T COMPLAIN, AND NEVER CRIES!
...BY CAPTURING THE ROCKET, MY FRIENDS AND THEIR PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-WAR MERELY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF A GODSEND... CAN CURIOSITY MAKE PEOPLE THROW ALL CAUTION TO THE WINDS?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
I DON'T KNOW... THE MEDUSA IS SO BLOODY BORED ... LOOK AT ME...!
THE MEDUSA HAS STRAIGHTENED UP ON HER THRONE OF SPONGE ... WITH A NATURAL GESTURE, SHE REMOVES HER MASK...
NO, YOUR MAJESTY! THIS TIME CAUTION WILL PREVAIL OVER CURIOSITY!
HA! HA! HA! HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, EARTH GIRL. WHAT YOU WOULD FIND IN MY FACE WOULD TURN YOU TO STONE, JUST AS IN THE LEGEND.
BUT AS I, FOR MY PART, MUST BEHOLD YOUR FEATURES, CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LIFT YOUR HEAD!
GOOD. YOU'RE LOVELY! IT'S... PLEASANT... MOST PLEASANT... LET'S BE FRIENDS, IF THAT IS POSSIBLE. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME FOR A BIT OF UNDER-WATER HUNTING?

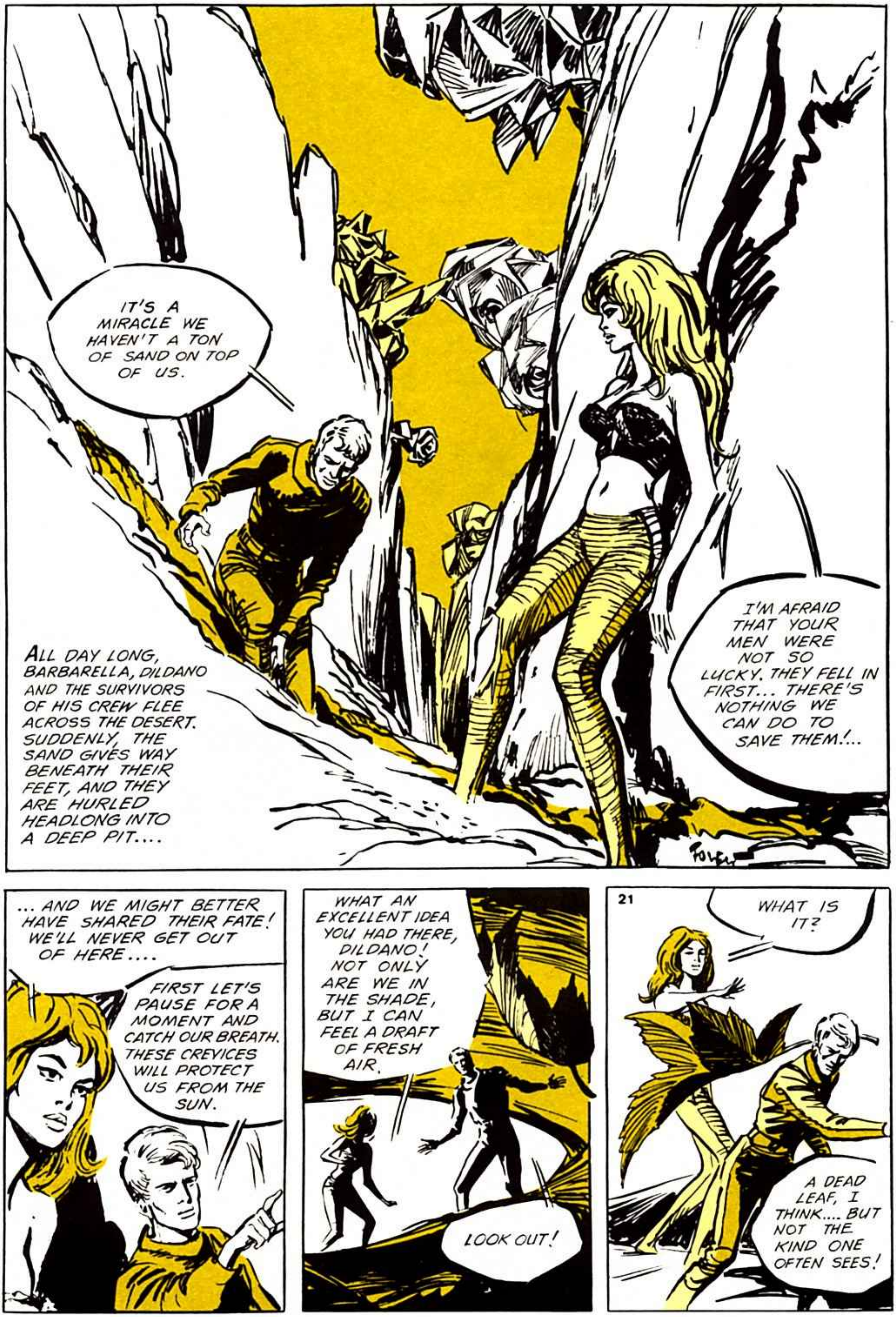

BARBARELLA HAS NO CHOICE... BUT THIS EXPEDITION ALONE WITH THE MEDUSA IS NOT ESPECIALLY REASSURING TO HER.
WHY DIDN'T SHE PUT HER MASK BACK ON? I DON'T DARE LIFT MY HEAD FOR FEAR OF CATCHING HER EYE... SHE'S PLAYING WITH ME LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE... AND YET SHE HASN'T TRIED TO TAKE ME BY SURPRISE BY TURNING AROUND SUDDENLY...!
WOULD YOUR MAJESTY MIND TELLING ME WHAT FATE SHE HAS IN STORE FOR MY COMPANIONS, CAPTAIN DILDANO AND HIS MEN?
NOTHING VERY ENVIABLE, I SUSPECT... MEN DON'T INTEREST ME...!
AND WHAT ABOUT ME?
YOU, BARBARELLA? I DON'T KNOW... THE TIME WILL COME WHEN YOU'LL LOOK ME IN THE EYE... AND THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE. IT IS SO WRITTEN ...NEITHER YOU NOR I CAN DO A THING ABOUT IT...!
NEVERTHELESS, YOUR MAJESTY, I INTEND TO TRY...
JUST THEN A VOICE IS HEARD COMING FROM THE INSTRUMENT PANEL.
IZZY: STRINIT, BRY: ALLONGA...?
I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE SHE WOULD GET THE BETTER OF ME...
SOMEONE'S CALLING THE QUEEN... I DON'T KNOW THE LANGUAGE, BUT I RECOGNIZED AKA-LEPH'S VOICE.
AKA-LEPH! THIS IS THE EARTH GIRL, BARBARELLA. I HAVE THE MEDUSA IN MY POWER!
!


IMPOSSIBLE! QUEEN NEVER LEAVE PALACE WITHOUT ESCORT!
WHEN THE QUEEN RUNS AWAY SHE DOESN'T FOREWARN YOU! UNLESS YOU FREE MY COMPANIONS, I'LL KILL THE MEDUSA!
YOU LIE! THE MEDUSA NOT AFRAID OF ANYONE OR ANYTHING!
ARE THERE ANY MIRRORS IN THE PALACE?
NONE. THE QUEEN DOESN'T WANT ANY... WHY THAT QUESTION?
BECAUSE I HAVE A POCKET MIRROR! IT'S WORTH A WHOLE ARSENAL OF WEAPONS... IF I FORCE THE MEDUSA TO LOOK AT HERSELF IN IT, WON'T SHE TURN HERSELF INTO STONE?
AKA-LEPH RESISTS FOR A LONG WHILE, THEN SUPERSTITION GAINS THE UPPER HAND... STILL TREMBLING WITH ANXIETY, BARBARELLA HAS MERELY TO STATE HER CONDITIONS: DILDANO IS TO BE TRANSFERRED INTO THE CRAFT THROUGH A HOLLOW TENTACLE... THEN THEY WILL RETURN TO DRY LAND WHERE THE SECOND PHASE OF THE OPERATION WILL TAKE PLACE: THE EXCHANGE OF THE MEDUSA FOR THE REST OF THE CREW.
THE FIRST PHASE WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK! BUT I'M WORRIED BY THAT ARMADA OF PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-WAR OUT THERE!
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND AKA-LEPH, WE COULD KILL THE MEDUSA AND ABANDON YOUR MEN...
KILL THE MEDUSA? IT'S CERTAINLY NO BETTER THAN THAT EVIL CREATURE DESERVES.
DON'T SAY THAT, DILDANO. I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF HURTING HER...
HERE'S THE COAST! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SURFACE.

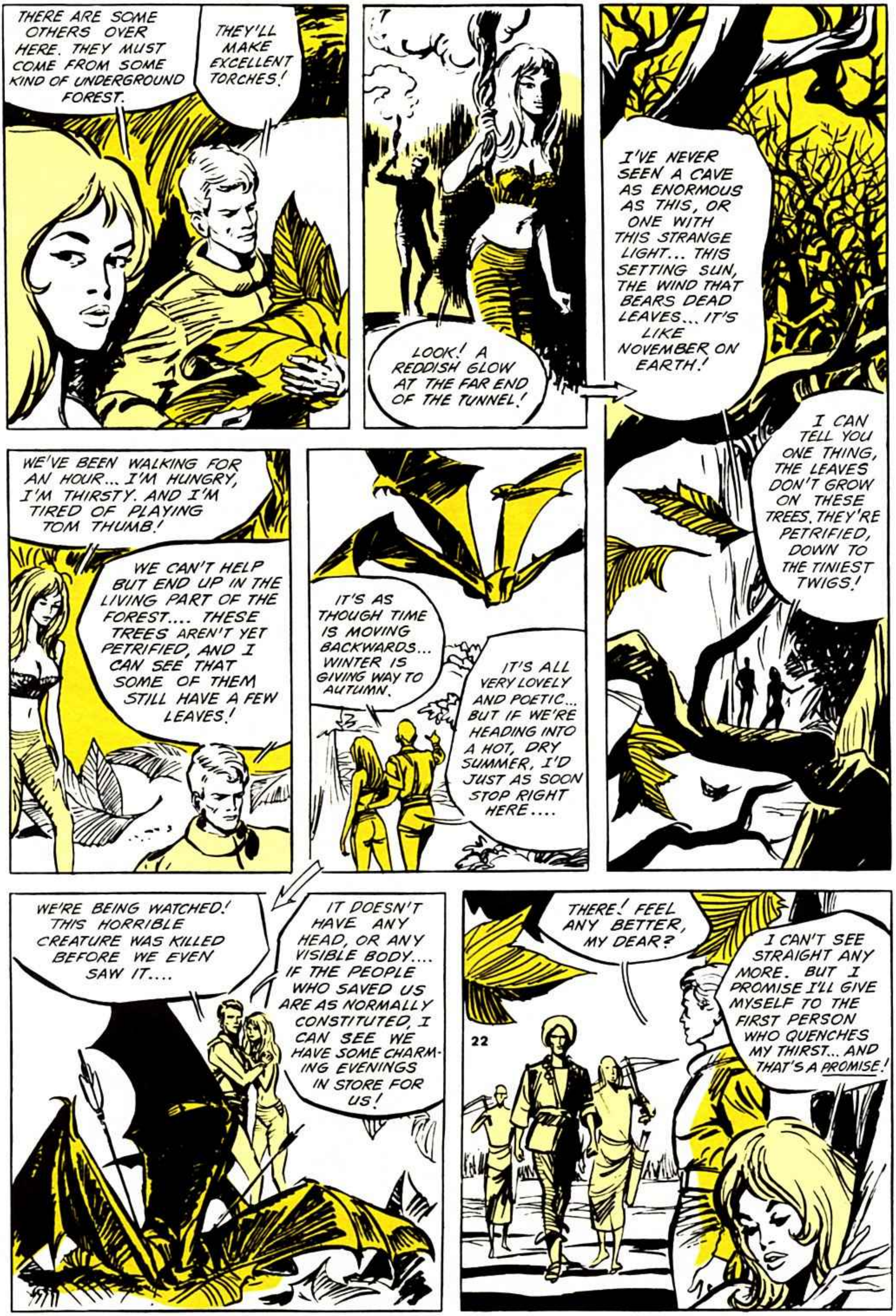

WHAT A SPECTACULAR LANDSCAPE! THE VERY IDEA OF VENTURING INTO THIS DESERT MAKES MY THROAT DRY. THESE SAND ROSES PROMISE US A SUMMER ALL TOO BEAUTIFUL!
PERHAPS... BUT FOR THE MOMENT WE'LL BE SAFE FROM THE PIRATES AND THE MEDUSA... NEITHER OF THEM LIKES TO VENTURE TOO FAR AWAY FROM THE LIQUID ELEMENT!
HERE COMES THE SQUADRON OF PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-WAR.
IT WOULD PROBABLY BE A GOOD IDEA TO SHOW THEM THE MEDUSA... OTHERWISE AKA-LEPH WON'T RELEASE YOUR MEN. I'LL GO GET HER... SIGNAL TO THEM THAT WE'RE READY.
NO!
HA! SO, BARBARELLA?... YOU CAN'T SAY YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE ME!
WHO SHOUTED? BARBARELLA, WHERE ARE YOU?
DON'T TELL ME I'M DREAMING! IT'S THE MEDUSA ESCAPING!
ACCURSED GORGON! AH! I SWEAR I'LL STAMP YOU OUT IF I HAVE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE PLANET!
BLIND WITH RAGE, DILDANO SEIZES A SAND ROSE.

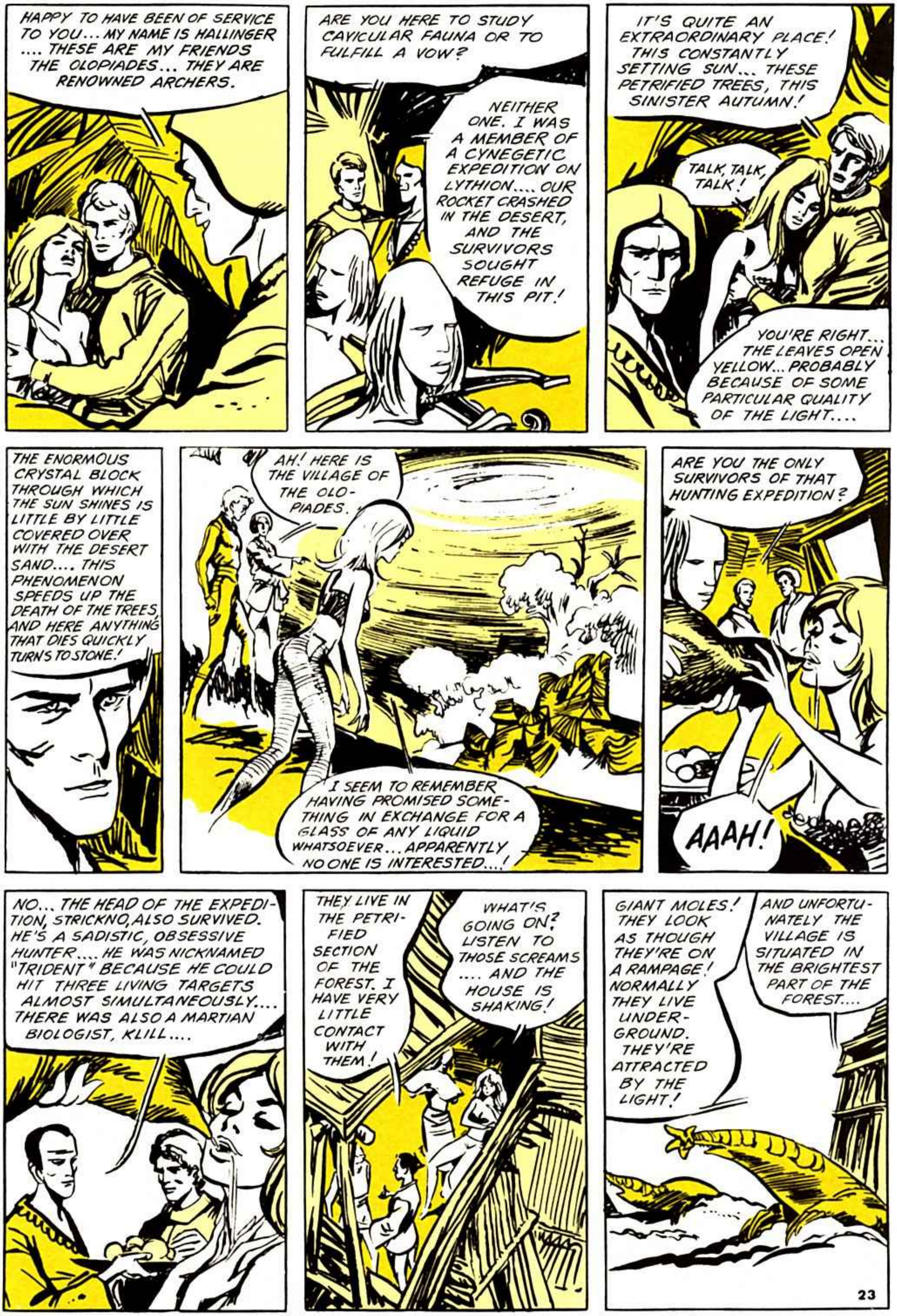

STRUCK IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK, THE MEDUSA COLLAPSES.
LET'S SEE YOUR FACE... YOUR EYES WILL NEVER KILL ANYONE AGAIN.
BARBARELLA!
NO, DILDANO. I'M REALLY THE MEDUSA... I'VE SIMPLY APPROPRIATED YOUR FRIEND'S FACE... FINISH ME OFF, IF YOU WISH, BUT FIRST LET ME TELL YOU THAT BARBARELLA ISN'T DEAD.
SHE IS NEITHER DEAD NOR PETRIFIED... SHE FAINTED FROM SURPRISE ...SEE, SHE'S COMING TO...
COME HERE, BARBARELLA. THERE'S NO DANGER OF MY TURNING YOU INTO STONE, AS YOUR PLANET'S MYTH HAS IT. MY POWER IS OF ANOTHER KIND ALTOGETHER, IN FACT IT'S RATHER A BONDAGE.
MY IMMORTALITY IS DEPENDENT UPON MY REGULARLY ASSUMING THE FACE OF A DIFFERENT GIRL... THUS I HAVE KNOWN THE PALLOR OF THE GIRLS FROM VENUS, THE SENSUAL, EXOTIC MASKS OF THE GIRLS FROM PLUTO, AND MANY OTHERS BESIDES... BUT... THOSE WHOSE FEATURES I BORROW HAVE HAD TO DIE!


MY SUBJECTS DO NOT ALLOW THEM TO LIVE WITH MY FACE... SO YOU SEE, I REALLY AM A MONSTER!
AND NOW, IS IT YOUR TURN TO DIE?
I DON'T KNOW. I FEEL VERY STRANGE... AND THE MEDUSA CAN HAVE AN "ACCIDENT"...!
AND BESIDES... I DID ALL I COULD TO CAUSE IT... I ONLY PRETENDED TO RESIST WHEN YOU CAPTURED ME... THE WHOLE IDEA OF MY SEEING YOU WAS TO HAVE DONE WITH THIS. I'M FED UP WITH THIS LIFE, THIS CRUEL MIMESIS. THE DEATH OF ALL THESE YOUNG GIRLS IS BEGINNING TO WEIGH HEAVY ON MY CONSCIENCE.
...AND YET!
AKA-LEPH AND THE PIRATES ARE COMING ASHORE. MY MEN HAVE ALREADY MANAGED TO ESCAPE...
HURRY UP AND LEAVE, BARBARELLA. I'LL TRY AND RESTRAIN THEM!
AND IF I HAVE TO DIE, I'LL BE HAPPY, EARTH GIRL, HAPPY THAT IT WILL BE WITH YOUR FACE...
20



IT'S A MIRACLE WE HAVEN'T A TON OF SAND ON TOP OF US.
ALL DAY LONG, BARBARELLA, DILDANO AND THE SURVIVORS OF HIS CREW FLEE ACROSS THE DESERT. SUDDENLY, THE SAND GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET, AND THEY ARE HURLED HEADLONG INTO A DEEP PIT....
I'M AFRAID THAT YOUR MEN WERE NOT SO LUCKY. THEY FELL IN FIRST... THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE THEM!...
... AND WE MIGHT BETTER HAVE SHARED THEIR FATE! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE....
FIRST LET'S PAUSE FOR A MOMENT AND CATCH OUR BREATH. THESE CREVICES WILL PROTECT US FROM THE SUN.
WHAT AN EXCELLENT IDEA YOU HAD THERE, DILDANO! NOT ONLY ARE WE IN THE SHADE, BUT I CAN FEEL A DRAFT OF FRESH AIR.
LOOK OUT!
21
WHAT IS IT?
A DEAD LEAF, I THINK.... BUT NOT THE KIND ONE OFTEN SEES!


THERE ARE SOME OTHERS OVER HERE. THEY MUST COME FROM SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND FOREST.
THEY'LL MAKE EXCELLENT TORCHES!
LOOK! A REDDISH GLOW AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL!
I'VE NEVER SEEN A CAVE AS ENORMOUS AS THIS, OR ONE WITH THIS STRANGE LIGHT... THIS SETTING SUN, THE WIND THAT BEARS DEAD LEAVES... IT'S LIKE NOVEMBER ON EARTH!
I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING, THE LEAVES DON'T GROW ON THESE TREES. THEY'RE PETRIFIED, DOWN TO THE TINIEST TWIGS!
WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR AN HOUR... I'M HUNGRY, I'M THIRSTY. AND I'M TIRED OF PLAYING TOM THUMB!
WE CAN'T HELP BUT END UP IN THE LIVING PART OF THE FOREST.... THESE TREES AREN'T YET PETRIFIED, AND I CAN SEE THAT SOME OF THEM STILL HAVE A FEW LEAVES!
IT'S AS THOUGH TIME IS MOVING BACKWARDS... WINTER IS GIVING WAY TO AUTUMN.
IT'S ALL VERY LOVELY AND POETIC... BUT IF WE'RE HEADING INTO A HOT, DRY SUMMER, I'D JUST AS SOON STOP RIGHT HERE....
WE'RE BEING WATCHED! THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE WAS KILLED BEFORE WE EVEN SAW IT....
IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY HEAD, OR ANY VISIBLE BODY.... IF THE PEOPLE WHO SAVED US ARE AS NORMALLY CONSTITUTED, I CAN SEE WE HAVE SOME CHARMING EVENINGS IN STORE FOR US!
THERE! FEEL ANY BETTER, MY DEAR?
I CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT ANY MORE. BUT I PROMISE I'LL GIVE MYSELF TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO QUENCHES MY THIRST... AND THAT'S A PROMISE!
22



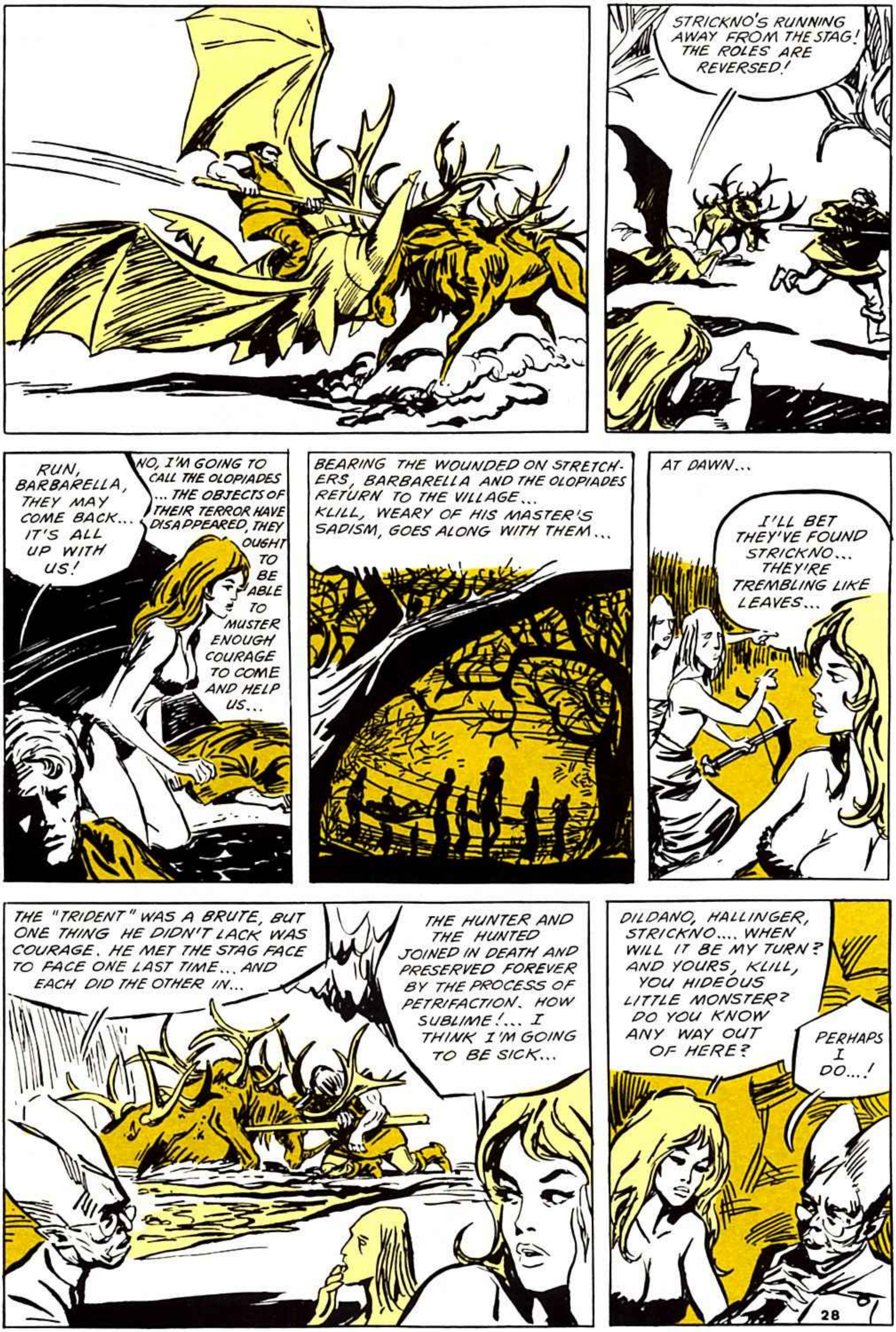
HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU... MY NAME IS HALLINGER .... THESE ARE MY FRIENDS THE OLOPIADES... THEY ARE RENOWNED ARCHERS.
ARE YOU HERE TO STUDY CAVICULAR FAUNA OR TO FULFILL A VOW?
NEITHER ONE. I WAS A MEMBER OF A CYNEGETIC EXPEDITION ON LYTHION.... OUR ROCKET CRASHED IN THE DESERT, AND THE SURVIVORS SOUGHT REFUGE IN THIS PIT!
IT'S QUITE AN EXTRAORDINARY PLACE! THIS CONSTANTLY SETTING SUN... THESE PETRIFIED TREES, THIS SINISTER AUTUMN!
TALK, TALK, TALK!
YOU'RE RIGHT... THE LEAVES OPEN YELLOW... PROBABLY BECAUSE OF SOME PARTICULAR QUALITY OF THE LIGHT....
THE ENORMOUS CRYSTAL BLOCK THROUGH WHICH THE SUN SHINES IS LITTLE BY LITTLE COVERED OVER WITH THE DESERT SAND.... THIS PHENOMENON SPEEDS UP THE DEATH OF THE TREES, AND HERE ANYTHING THAT DIES QUICKLY TURNS TO STONE!
AH! HERE IS THE VILLAGE OF THE OLO-PIADES.
I SEEM TO REMEMBER HAVING PROMISED SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE FOR A GLASS OF ANY LIQUID WHATSOEVER... APPARENTLY NO ONE IS INTERESTED...!
ARE YOU THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THAT HUNTING EXPEDITION?
AAAH!
NO... THE HEAD OF THE EXPEDITION, STRICKNO, ALSO SURVIVED. HE'S A SADISTIC, OBSESSIVE HUNTER.... HE WAS NICKNAMED "TRIDENT" BECAUSE HE COULD HIT THREE LIVING TARGETS ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.... THERE WAS ALSO A MARTIAN BIOLOGIST, KLILL....
THEY LIVE IN THE PETRIFIED SECTION OF THE FOREST. I HAVE VERY LITTLE CONTACT WITH THEM!
WHAT'S GOING ON? LISTEN TO THOSE SCREAMS .... AND THE HOUSE IS SHAKING!
GIANT MOLES! THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'RE ON A RAMPAGE! NORMALLY THEY LIVE UNDERGROUND. THEY'RE ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHT!
AND UNFORTUNATELY THE VILLAGE IS SITUATED IN THE BRIGHTEST PART OF THE FOREST....

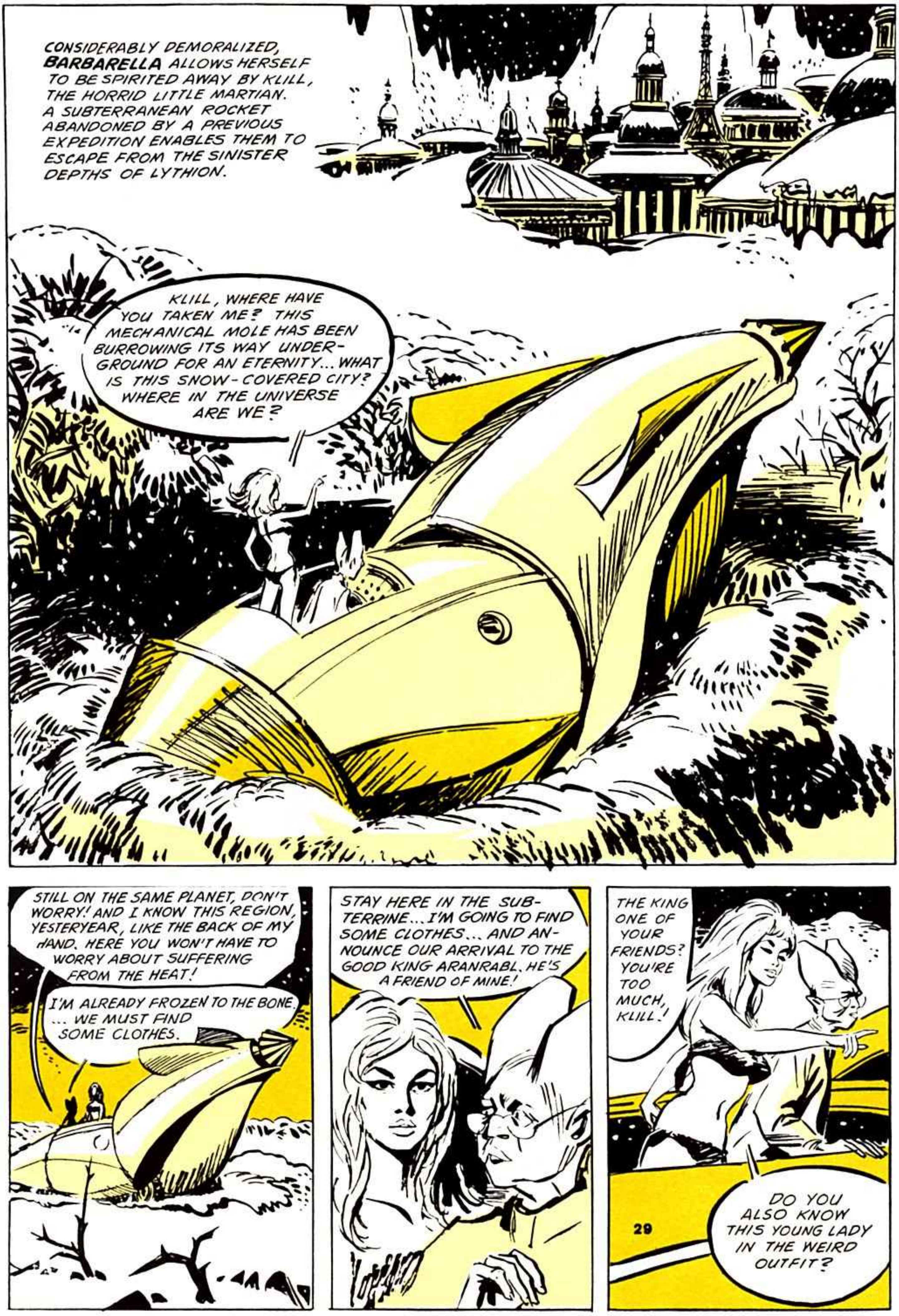

HELP!
SHAKEN BY THE MOLES, THE TOWER BARBARELLA IS IN FALLS TO PIECES.
IT'S BETTER TO BE ON THE BACK OF THIS MOLE THAN BENEATH HIS CLAWS.... BUT IF I EVER LOSE MY GRIP, BYE-BYE BARBARELLA!
MR. STRICKNO, I PRESUME. YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
AH HA! I SUPPOSE I DID, MY DEAR LADY. I SUPPOSE I DID... ANYHOW, NEVER FEAR THESE HORRID MONSTERS AGAIN... WHEREVER THEY ARE, "TRIDENT" IS CLOSE BEHIND...
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE, MADAME!
THE SCURVEY SCOUNDREL! IF HE HADN'T TAKEN MY WEAPONS I'D FINISH HIM OFF.
HE SAVED MY LIFE!
IN ACTUAL FACT HE DIDN'T... YOU WERE ALMOST THE VICTIM OF HIS SINISTER MACHINATIONS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DON'T TRY AND TELL ME HE INVENTED THESE MONSTERS!
HE ALMOST DID... THE FACT IS THEY'VE BEEN CREATED SO THIS MADMAN CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HUNTING THEM DOWN! THEY'VE FASHIONED A LABORATORY OUT OF THE DEBRIS OF THE ROCKET. KLILL WORKS THERE NIGHT AND DAY ON THE PROJECT.

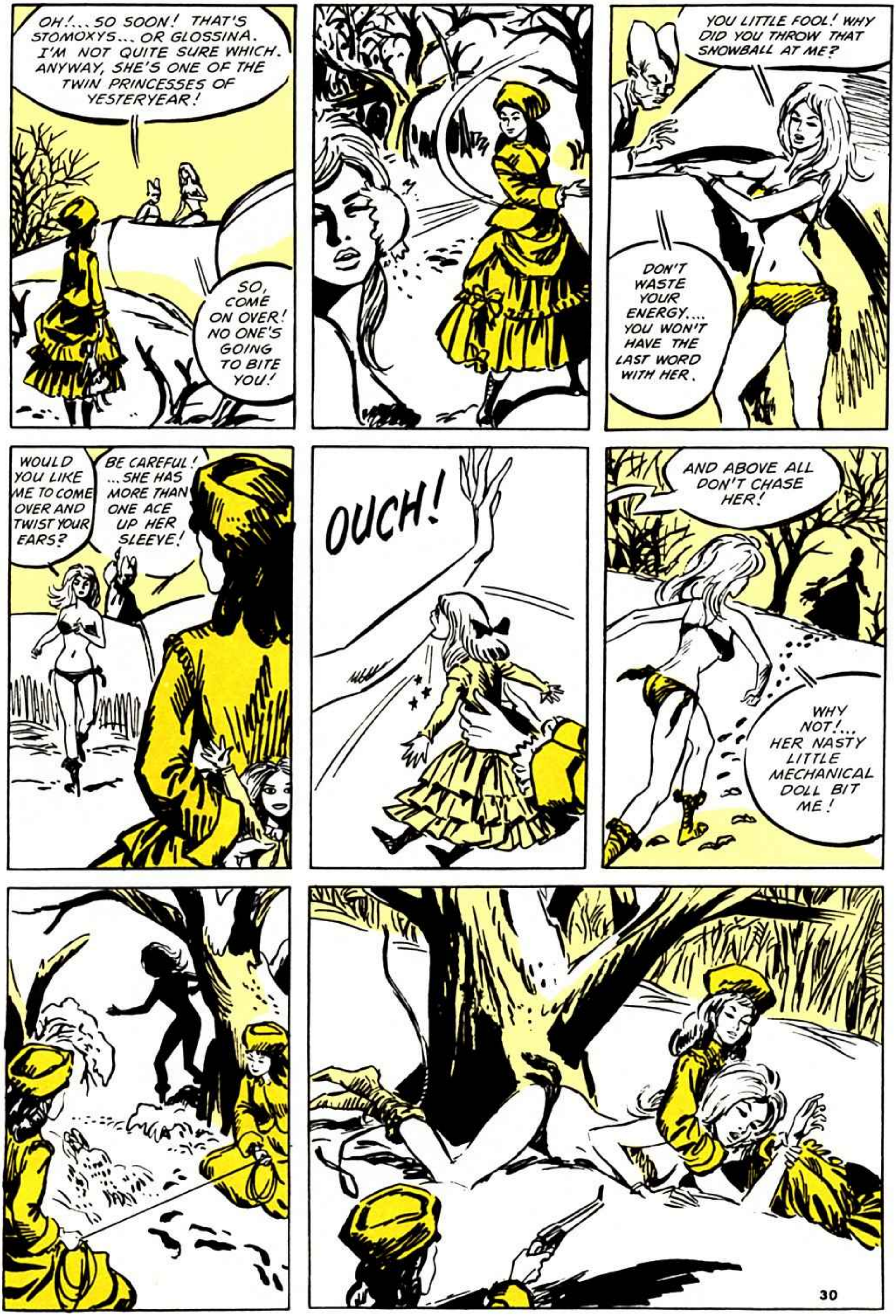

WHAT'S MORE, KLILL ENJOYS HIS WORK. HERE BOTH THE FLORA AND THE FAUNA LEND THEMSELVES ADMIRABLY TO MUTATIONS.
ACCURSED STRICKNO, UNFORTUNATE OLOPIADES, BOTH VICTIMS OF A HUNTER'S FANTASIES! BARBARELLA'S GENEROUS HEART CANNOT BEAR THIS INJUSTICE.... A MESSENGER ARRIVES FROM THE "TRIDENT": THE HUNTER INVITES BARBARELLA TO COME AND CHOOSE FROM AMONG THE FURS IN HIS COLLECTION SOMETHING WORTHY TO REPLACE THE CLOTHES RUINED IN HER MISHAP WITH THE GIANT MOLES....
DON'T GO!... HE'S A VICIOUS BRUTE!
I THINK HE'S GIVEN US A CHANCE TO SET A TRAP FOR HIM... LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT! NOW, HERE IS MY PLAN....
LATER...
WHAT A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, MY CHILD!
HOW COULD I FOREGO THE PLEASURE OF ADMIRING YOUR TROPHIES ... YOU MUST HAVE AN EXQUISITE COLLECTION!
EXQUISITE! HA! WHAT A CHARMING CHILD YOU ARE! MY COLLECTION IS UNIQUE!
DON'T BE SHY... TAKE YOUR PICK! HERE YOU HAVE PELTS FROM THE BACK OF THE STIULE, THE PAW OF THE BURROWER, THE MANE OF THE MAHAMON....
I'D NEVER DARE EXCHANGE MY RAGS FOR THESE MARVELLOUS FURS!
BUT IF I MUST CHOOSE, MY PREFERENCE GOES TO THE MURMELINE'S TAIL.
NOW I SHALL REVEAL TO YOU THE SECRETS OF MANUFACTURE...
HERE IS THE DEN OF THE DEVIL! MY FRIEND KLILL'S LABORATORY!
THE SYNOTHERUS IS FULL GROWN, STRICKNO... HE'S ALL YOURS!

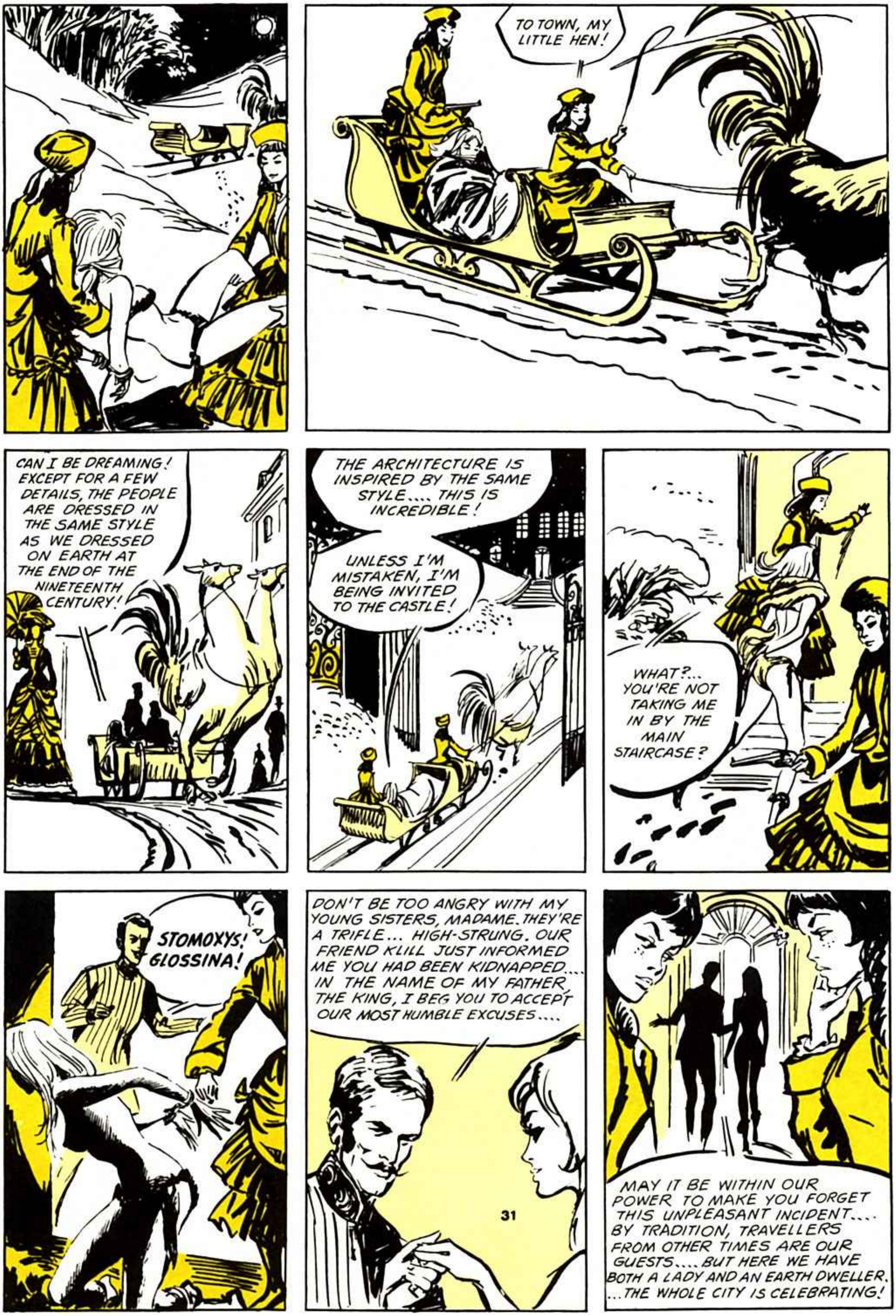

BUT BEWARE OF HIM... HE LOOKS LIKE A TOUGH ONE!
WONDERFUL! I ENJOY REAL COMPETITION!
NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT. I'LL UNBOLT THIS DOOR... AND LET THIS BIG, HIGH-STRUNG BEAST ESCAPE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY DEAR?
EXCUSE ME... BUT THE MONSTER SMELL IS MAKING ME ILL!
STRICKNO, THE SYNOTHERUS HAS ESCAPED! SOMEONE'S OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR!
AH, NOW I SEE!... IT WAS THAT LITTLE HYPOCRITE!
SHE'LL GAIN NOTHING BY IT! IF THE STAG GETS AWAY FROM ME, I'LL EXTERMINATE THE OLOPIADES LIKE A LITTER OF COMMON RABBITS!
WHERE IS MY DEFLAGRATOR GUN?
HERE IT IS, STRICKNO!
FOLLOW ME QUIETLY... MY FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE. WE'VE PLANNED A LITTLE PARTY.
I HOPE THEY'RE THERE!
WENCH!
JAMMED!
THE LITTLE PEST HAS RUINED MY DEFLAGRATOR GUN!
THIS ANIMAL'S CUTTING US OFF FROM REACHING BARBARELLA!
LOOK OUT! IT'S CHARGING!


THE DEFLAGRATOR WAS MY ONLY FIREARM... AH, BUT EVEN IF I HAVE TO RESORT TO A HUNTING SPEAR, I'LL IMPALE THAT ANIMAL YET!
DILDANO! DILDANO! ARE YOU HURT VERY BADLY?
I... I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS ADVENTURE WITHOUT ME!
WHY IS IT SUDDENLY GROWING SO DARK? I DIDN'T EXPECT TO DIE SO SOON!
I CAN SEE IT GROWING DARK TOO, DILDANO. IS IT ALREADY NIGHTFALL?
IT'S NOT NIGHTFALL... BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE.... HURRY BACK TO THE VILLAGE, BARBARELLA!
...THERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE WINDSTORM OUT IN THE DESERT... AND THE SAND COVERS OVER THE QUARTZ-SUN... IT HAPPENS FAIRLY OFTEN, BUT GENERALLY A WIND FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION COMES AND SWEEPS AWAY PART OF THE SAND ACCUMULATED. BUT WHENEVER THIS HAPPENS, IT MEANS A LONG NIGHT FOR THE UNDERGROUND WORLD... I'M AFRAID NEITHER DILDANO NOR I WILL LIVE TO SEE THE END OF THIS ONE!
LOOK! THIS MADMAN IS TRYING TO BATTLE THE STAG WITH A HUNTING SPEAR!


STRICKNO'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE STAG! THE ROLES ARE REVERSED!
RUN, BARBARELLA, THEY MAY COME BACK... IT'S ALL UP WITH US!
NO, I'M GOING TO CALL THE OLOPIADES ... THE OBJECTS OF THEIR TERROR HAVE DISAPPEARED, THEY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MUSTER ENOUGH COURAGE TO COME AND HELP US...
BEARING THE WOUNDED ON STRETCHERS, BARBARELLA AND THE OLOPIADES RETURN TO THE VILLAGE... KLILL, WEARY OF HIS MASTER'S SADISM, GOES ALONG WITH THEM...
AT DAWN...
I'LL BET THEY'VE FOUND STRICKNO... THEY'RE TREMBLING LIKE LEAVES...
THE "TRIDENT" WAS A BRUTE, BUT ONE THING HE DIDN'T LACK WAS COURAGE. HE MET THE STAG FACE TO FACE ONE LAST TIME... AND EACH DID THE OTHER IN...
THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED JOINED IN DEATH AND PRESERVED FOREVER BY THE PROCESS OF PETRIFACTION. HOW SUBLIME!... I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...
DILDANO, HALLINGER, STRICKNO.... WHEN WILL IT BE MY TURN? AND YOURS, KLILL, YOU HIDEOUS LITTLE MONSTER? DO YOU KNOW ANY WAY OUT OF HERE?
PERHAPS I DO...!
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CONSIDERABLY DEMORALIZED, BARBARELLA ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE SPIRITED AWAY BY KLILL, THE HORRID LITTLE MARTIAN. A SUBTERRANEAN ROCKET ABANDONED BY A PREVIOUS EXPEDITION ENABLES THEM TO ESCAPE FROM THE SINISTER DEPTHS OF LYTHION.
KLILL, WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? THIS MECHANICAL MOLE HAS BEEN BURROWING ITS WAY UNDERGROUND FOR AN ETERNITY... WHAT IS THIS SNOW-COVERED CITY? WHERE IN THE UNIVERSE ARE WE?
STILL ON THE SAME PLANET, DON'T WORRY! AND I KNOW THIS REGION, YESTERYEAR, LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND. HERE YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SUFFERING FROM THE HEAT!
I'M ALREADY FROZEN TO THE BONE. ... WE MUST FIND SOME CLOTHES.
STAY HERE IN THE SUBTERRINE... I'M GOING TO FIND SOME CLOTHES... AND ANNOUNCE OUR ARRIVAL TO THE GOOD KING ARANRABL. HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!
THE KING ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS? YOU'RE TOO MUCH, KLILL.
DO YOU ALSO KNOW THIS YOUNG LADY IN THE WEIRD OUTFIT?


OH!... SO SOON! THAT'S STOMOXYS... OR GLOSSINA. I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHICH. ANYWAY, SHE'S ONE OF THE TWIN PRINCESSES OF YESTERYEAR!
SO, COME ON OVER! NO ONE'S GOING TO BITE YOU!
YOU LITTLE FOOL! WHY DID YOU THROW THAT SNOWBALL AT ME?
DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY.... YOU WON'T HAVE THE LAST WORD WITH HER.
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO COME OVER AND TWIST YOUR EARS?
BE CAREFUL! ...SHE HAS MORE THAN ONE ACE UP HER SLEEVE!
OUCH!
AND ABOVE ALL DON'T CHASE HER!
WHY NOT!... HER NASTY LITTLE MECHANICAL DOLL BIT ME!


TO TOWN, MY LITTLE HEN!
CAN I BE DREAMING! EXCEPT FOR A FEW DETAILS, THE PEOPLE ARE DRESSED IN THE SAME STYLE AS WE DRESSED ON EARTH AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!
THE ARCHITECTURE IS INSPIRED BY THE SAME STYLE.... THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, I'M BEING INVITED TO THE CASTLE!
WHAT?... YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME IN BY THE MAIN STAIRCASE?
STOMOXYS! GLOSSINA!
DON'T BE TOO ANGRY WITH MY YOUNG SISTERS, MADAME. THEY'RE A TRIFLE... HIGH-STRUNG. OUR FRIEND KLILL JUST INFORMED ME YOU HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED... IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER, THE KING, I BEG YOU TO ACCEPT OUR MOST HUMBLE EXCUSES....
MAY IT BE WITHIN OUR POWER TO MAKE YOU FORGET THIS UNPLEASANT INCIDENT.... BY TRADITION, TRAVELLERS FROM OTHER TIMES ARE OUR GUESTS.... BUT HERE WE HAVE BOTH A LADY AND AN EARTH DWELLER. ...THE WHOLE CITY IS CELEBRATING!

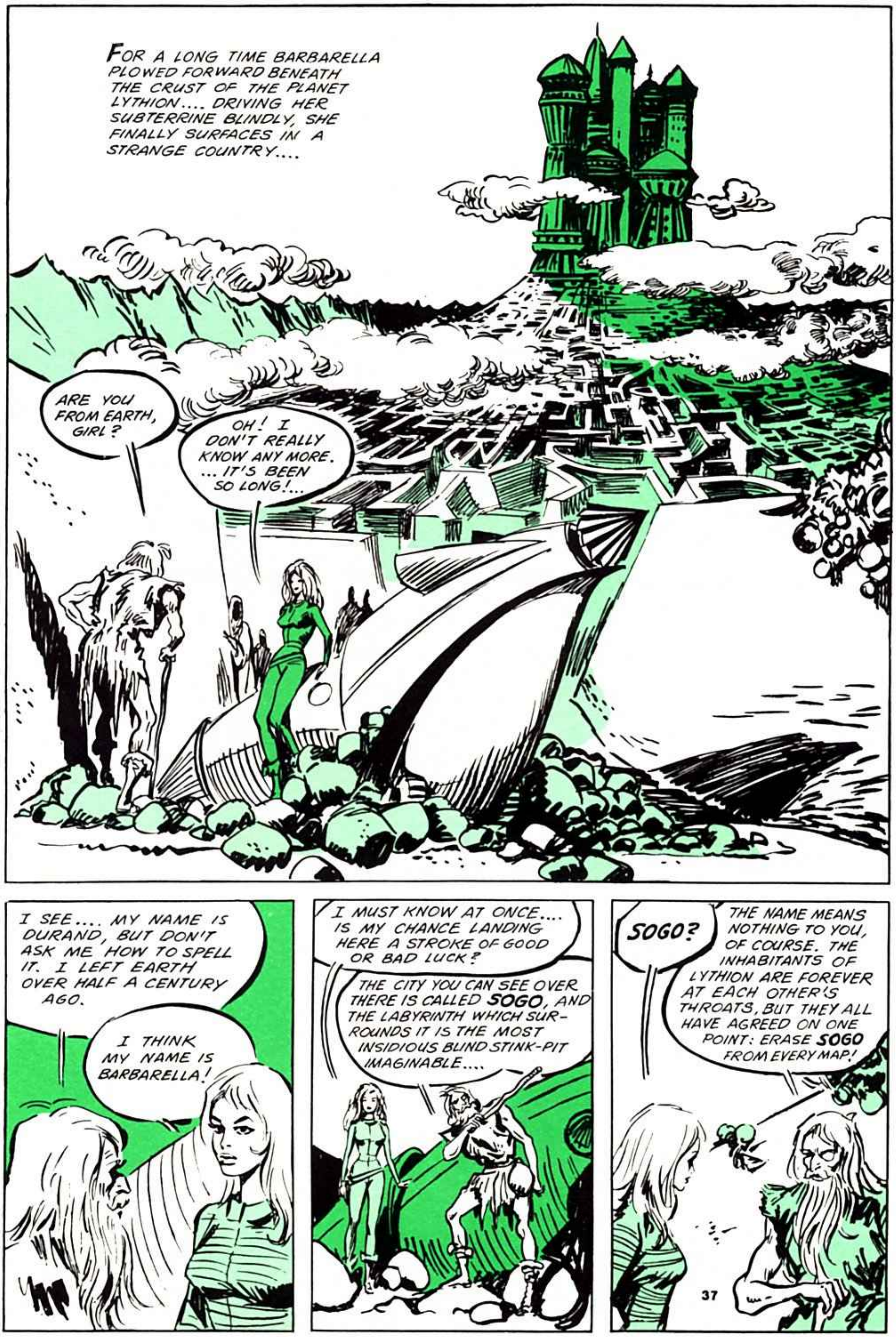

THIS IS WONDERFUL, YOUR MAJESTY! BUT I'M STILL FASCINATED BY ONE DETAIL.... IN A NUMBER OF THINGS, YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN INSPIRED BY THE 1880'S STYLE ON OUR EARTH....
THE EXPLANATION IS RATHER SIMPLE!
SEVERAL YEARS AGO, OUR SCIENTISTS SUCCEEDED IN PERFECTING A DEVICE WITH WHICH WE WERE ABLE TO RE-CEIVE LUMINOUS SIGNALS COMING FROM OUTER SPACE AND CONVERT THEM INTO THREE-DIMENSIONAL PICTURES....
THEREAFTER WE ESTABLISHED A PROGRAM OF LONG-DISTANCE EXPLORATION OF ALL THE INHABITED PLANETS.... THE EARTH WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PLANETS CHOSEN. THE PICTURES, THOUGH CLEAR, REACHED US AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SEVERAL CENTURIES...
WHICH EXPLAINS THE APPEARANCE ON OUR SCREENS OF A PERIOD ON EARTH YOU CALL THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!
THE VESSEL IS READY TO TAKE OFF, YOUR HIGHNESS!
MOST AMUSING.... AT PRESENT, OUR ULTRA-LUMINARIC ROCKETS RENDER THESE TRAINS OF GHOSTLY VOY-AGERS OBSOLETE....
PERHAPS.... BUT THEY RARELY COME TO VISIT US.... AND SINCE, AS A RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT, OUR EXPERI-MENTS STOPPED THERE...
... THESE WERE THE LAST PICTURES WHICH REMAINED ENGRAVED IN OUR MINDS.... THE TASTE AND REFINEMENT OF THE EARTH DWELLERS MADE SUCH A STRONG IMPRESSION ON US THAT OUR ESTHETICS, FROM ARCHITECTURE TO CLOTHES, WAS INFLUENCED BY IT.
THE MACHINE ROOM


YOUR MAJESTY, THERE'S BEEN AN INEXPLICABLE ACCIDENT....THE GAS IS ESCAPING.... WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE....
DISCHARGE THE BALLAST!
GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, LET'S NOT PANIC! MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I REGRET TO TELL YOU WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE....
YOU'D BEST JUMP BEFORE WE CRASH... WE'LL FOLLOW YOU....
GOOD, IT'S REGAINING ALTITUDE!
WE LIGHTENED IT WHEN WE JUMPED.... BUT I'M AFRAID IT WON'T GO VERY FAR.
I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T BROKEN ANY BONES? I SEE A SHELTER. WE CAN WAIT THERE FOR HELP!
PRINCE TOPAL... YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
REALLY?
I'M ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE!
AAAAAHH! WHAT IS THAT ABOMINABLE CREATURE?
IT'S... IT'S A PHELLOW... A SNOW-PHELLOW!


I CAN GUESS WHO SENT THE ANIMAL IN HERE!
SO CAN I! STOMOXYS AND GLOSSINA MUST HAVE JUMPED OUT OF THE SHIP A FEW SECONDS AFTER WE DID!
BACK, YOU NASTY BEAST!
THIS TIME I DEMAND YOU PUNISH THEM IN A WAY THEY WON'T SOON FORGET!
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, MY FRIEND!
STOMOX... OOW!
WOW! SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S NOT FOOLING!
PRETTY YOUNG LADIES LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH FIREARMS....
AND... AND SHOULDN'T SAY SUCH FOUL THINGS! WHEN I WAS EIGHT-EEN I WASN'T A PRINCESS, BUT I WAS SLIGHTLY BETTER BROUGHT UP, YOU LITTLE...
AT LEAST LET ME TAKE MY CLOTHES.
NO POINT! WE'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU WHEN YOU ARRIVE! HA! HA! HA!
THE WRECK OF AN OLD ASTROSHIP. IT SEEMS TO BE THE LAIR OF SOME STRANGE RIFF-RAFF!
ON YOUR FEET, GANG! WE'VE GOT A VISITOR! AND LET'S TREAT THE LOIDY KINDLY!
HEY! STOM! GLOSSI! WHAT'S NEW?
LOOK GANG, AN EARTH GIRL! AND CUTE TO BOOT! WHAT A BALL!

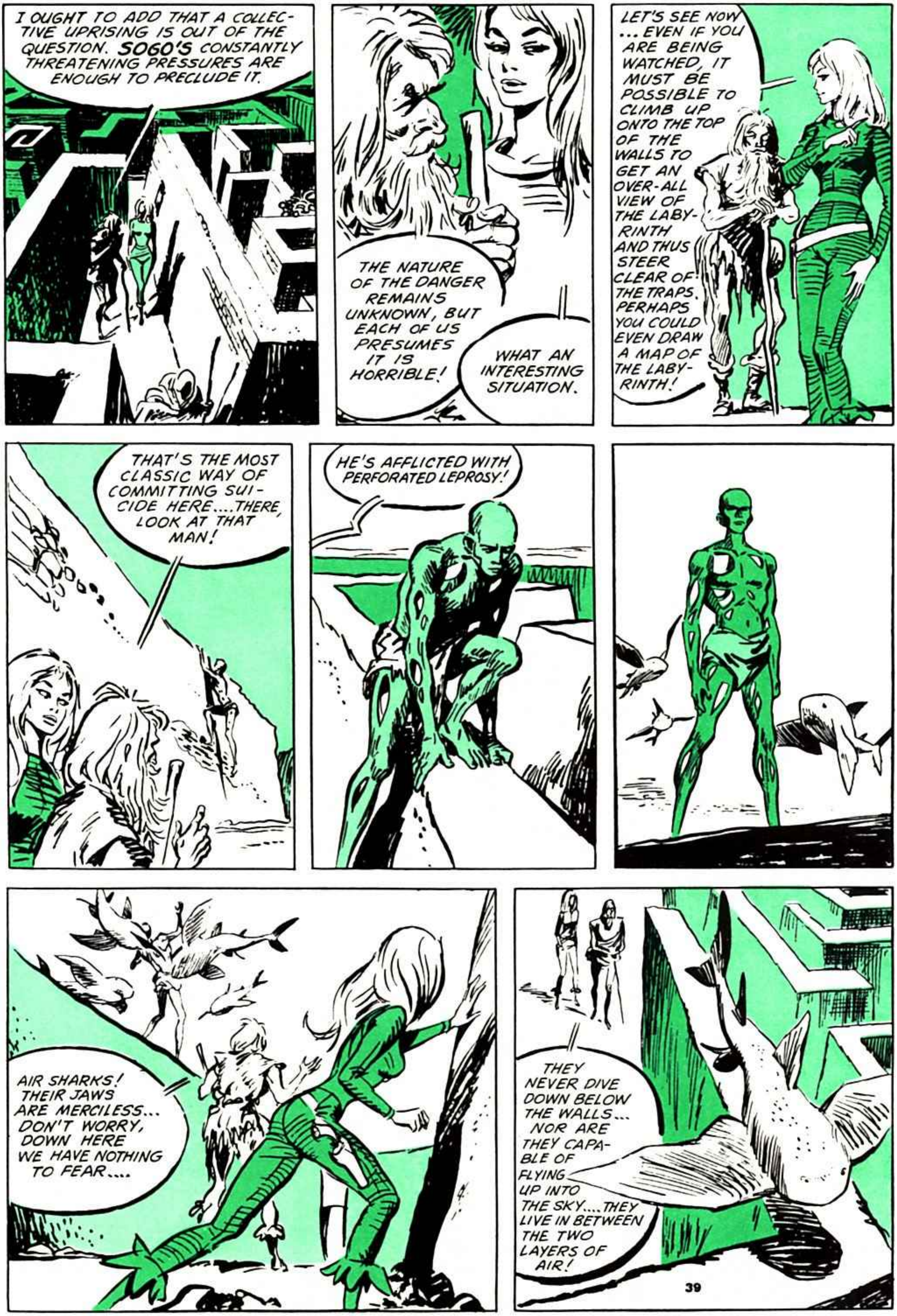

WHAT ARE YOU COOKING UP NOW? ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME GO?
SILENCE, GANG. THE PRINCESSES HAVE THE FLOOR...!
IT'S ALL YOURS, GLOSSI!
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE EARTH GIRL, GIVE HER TO THE CENTAURS?
LET THE CHICKS SPEAK! I'M SURE THEY COOKED UP A SWINGING EVENING FOR US!
LISTEN, GANG... IT'S BEEN QUITE A WHILE SINCE WE'VE PLAYED WITH TOY SOLDIERS AND DOLLS... NOW, LET ME TELL YOU, THAT'S A CRYING SHAME...
HA! HA!
PRICELESS!
IN MEMORY OF OUR BYGONE YOUTH, I PROPOSE WE BRING BACK OUT OUR OLD PLAY-THINGS!
THE LOIDY WILL BE SO PLEASED... SHE JUST LOVES GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS!
REMEMBER MY DOLL, BARBARELLA?
ALL THESE TOYS ARE NOT AS AGGRESSIVE, THEIR ELECTRONIC BRAINS HAVE SUFFERED TO VARYING DEGREES... BUT ALL IN ALL WE KEEP THEIR BASIC CIRCUITS IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER...
...SOLDIERS AND DOLLS ARE SO HUNGRY THEY COULD **EAT A HORSE**!

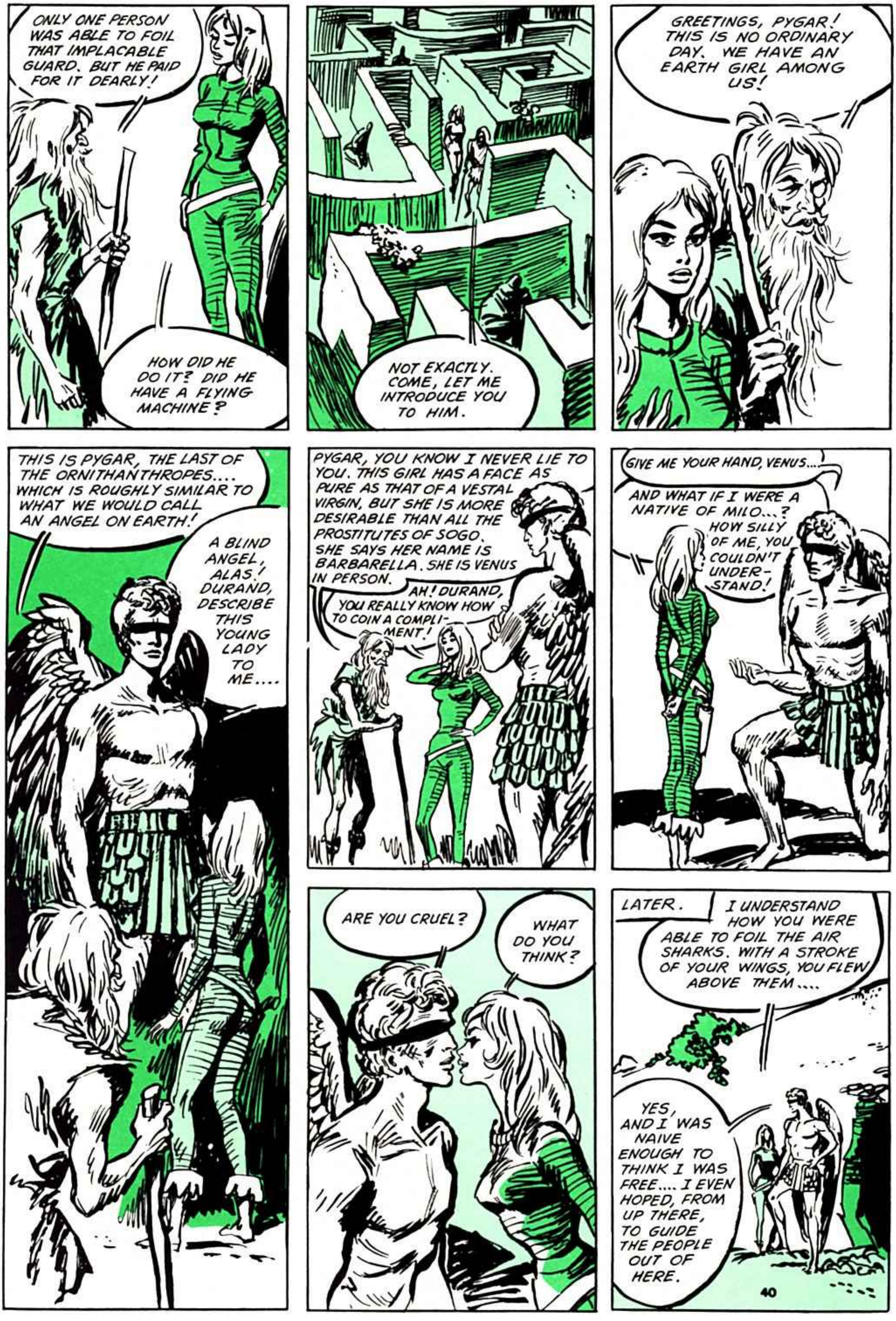

STOMOXYS! GLOSSINA! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO GET A ROYAL SPANKING!
OH HORRORS! THE GROWN-UPS!
YOU ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME, PRINCE TOPAL!
DO THE BITES HURT TERRIBLY?
LATER...
"AS A RESULT OF A SUDDEN DETERIORATION IN THE STATE OF HEALTH OF THE ROYAL HIGHNESSES OF YESTERYEAR, THE PALACE PHYSICIANS HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO PRESCRIBE A LONG STAY IN THE COUNTRY...." WHEW! AT LAST I CAN BREATHE EASY!
CUCKOO!
BARBARELLA, BARBARELLA, YOU HAVE EXPERIENCED THE CRUEL ADONIDES AND THE SAVAGE ORHOMRS....!
YOU WERE ABLE TO OVERCOME THE MEDUSA AND HER PIRATES... EVEN THE BRUTISH STRICKNO HIMSELF FAILED TO MAKE YOU QUAIL....
BUT HERE... I HAVE TO ADMIT I'M NO MATCH!
MAY THE DEVIL TAKE YOU, YOU LITTLE GUTTER-SNIPES.... I GIVE UP... AND DIVE BACK UNDERGROUND!



FOR A LONG TIME BARBARELLA PLOWED FORWARD BENEATH THE CRUST OF THE PLANET LYTHION.... DRIVING HER SUBTERRINE BLINDLY, SHE FINALLY SURFACES IN A STRANGE COUNTRY....
ARE YOU FROM EARTH, GIRL?
OH! I DON'T REALLY KNOW ANY MORE. ... IT'S BEEN SO LONG!...
I SEE.... MY NAME IS DURAND, BUT DON'T ASK ME HOW TO SPELL IT. I LEFT EARTH OVER HALF A CENTURY AGO.
I THINK MY NAME IS BARBARELLA!
I MUST KNOW AT ONCE.... IS MY CHANCE LANDING HERE A STROKE OF GOOD OR BAD LUCK?
THE CITY YOU CAN SEE OVER THERE IS CALLED SOGO, AND THE LABYRINTH WHICH SURROUNDS IT IS THE MOST INSIDIOUS BLIND STINK-PIT IMAGINABLE....
SOGO?
THE NAME MEANS NOTHING TO YOU, OF COURSE. THE INHABITANTS OF LYTHION ARE FOREVER AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS, BUT THEY ALL HAVE AGREED ON ONE POINT: ERASE SOGO FROM EVERY MAP!

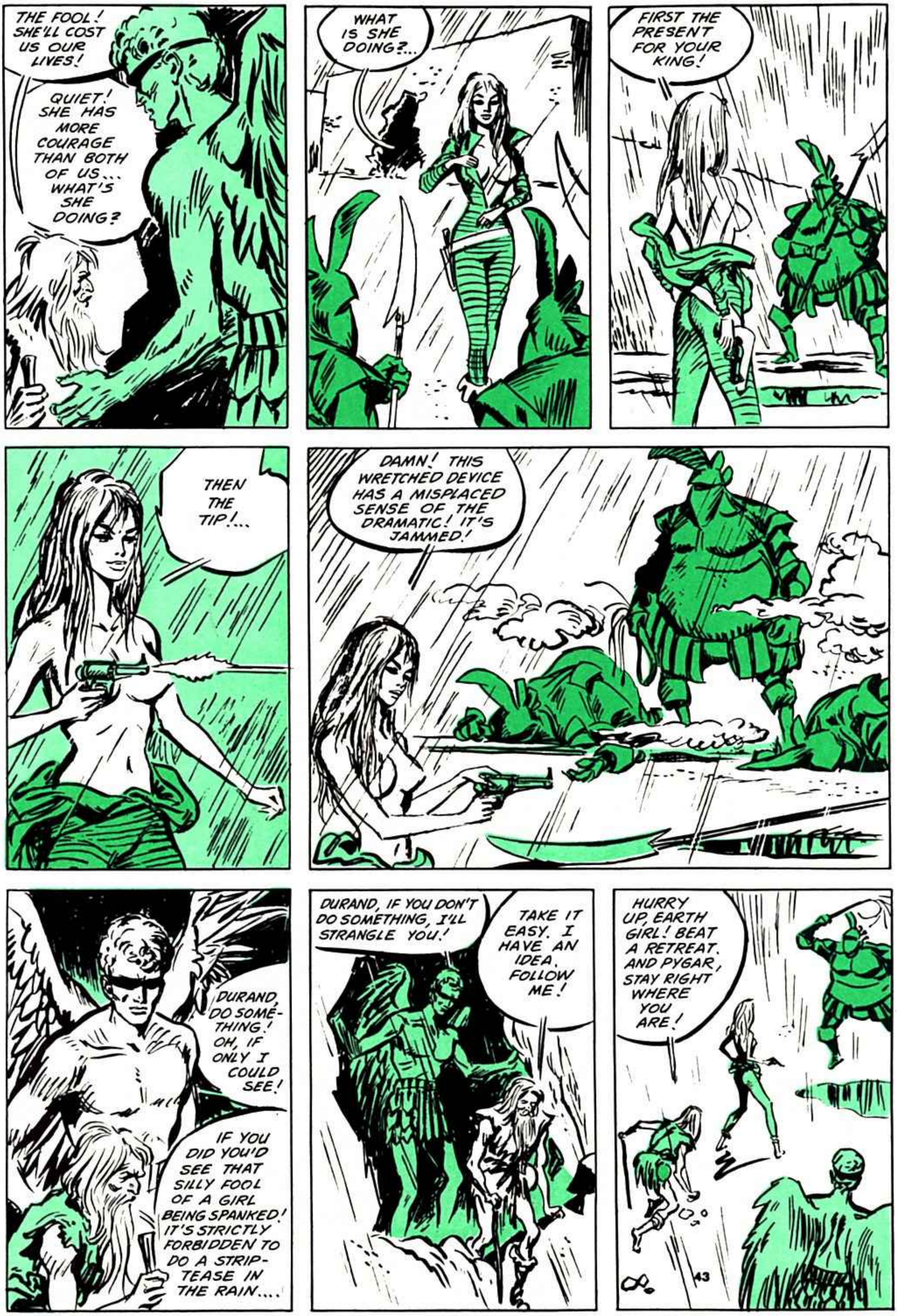

THE PLANET CONSIDERS IT AN ACCURSED CITY ...TO BE ISOLATED AND FORGOTTEN! SOGO HAS TO BE SELF-SUSTAINING, AND IT LIVES OFF ITS OWN SUBSTANCE: EVIL....
WHO ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE? AND WHY ARE THEY IN HIDING?
YOU SEE THOSE TOWERS OVER THERE?.... LEGEND HAS IT THAT WITHIN THOSE WALLS A NEW PERVERSION IS INVENTED EVERY DAY.... DO YOU THINK NATURE CAN BE SO DEFIED WITH IMPUNITY?
UGH...!
NO ONE IS ABLE TO RESIST BEING DEPRAVED, FOR IN FACT THE LAW FORBIDS IT. IF ANYONE REVEALS THE SLIGHTEST BLEMISH OR SHOWS THE LEAST SIGN OF WEAKENING, HE IS SENTENCED TO BE CAST INTO THE LABYRINTH!
SO ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE EITHER ILL OR PRISONERS.... WHY DON'T THEY REVOLT? DOES THEIR SUFFERING DRAIN AWAY ALL THEIR ENERGY?
THE LABYRINTH IS A PRISON WITHOUT DOORS OR BARS. BUT I DEFY YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF IT.... AND BESIDES, WE HAVE NO WEAPONS....
I CAN SEE THAT THERE'S NO WAY OUT PAST THOSE JAGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS, BUT WHAT ABOUT HEADING TOWARDS THE CITY?
YOU HAVE NO INKLING OF WHAT THIS LABYRINTH REALLY IS. MANY HAVE TRIED TO PIERCE ITS SECRET. SOME HAVE SIMPLY DISAPPEARED. OTHERS HAVE DIED OF HUNGER IN A DEAD-END PASSAGEWAY NOT FAR FROM US, WITHOUT OUR BEING ABLE TO BRING THEM HELP! THEIR SCREAMS, AS THEY WENT SLOWLY MAD, USED TO KEEP US FROM SLEEPING.....
38

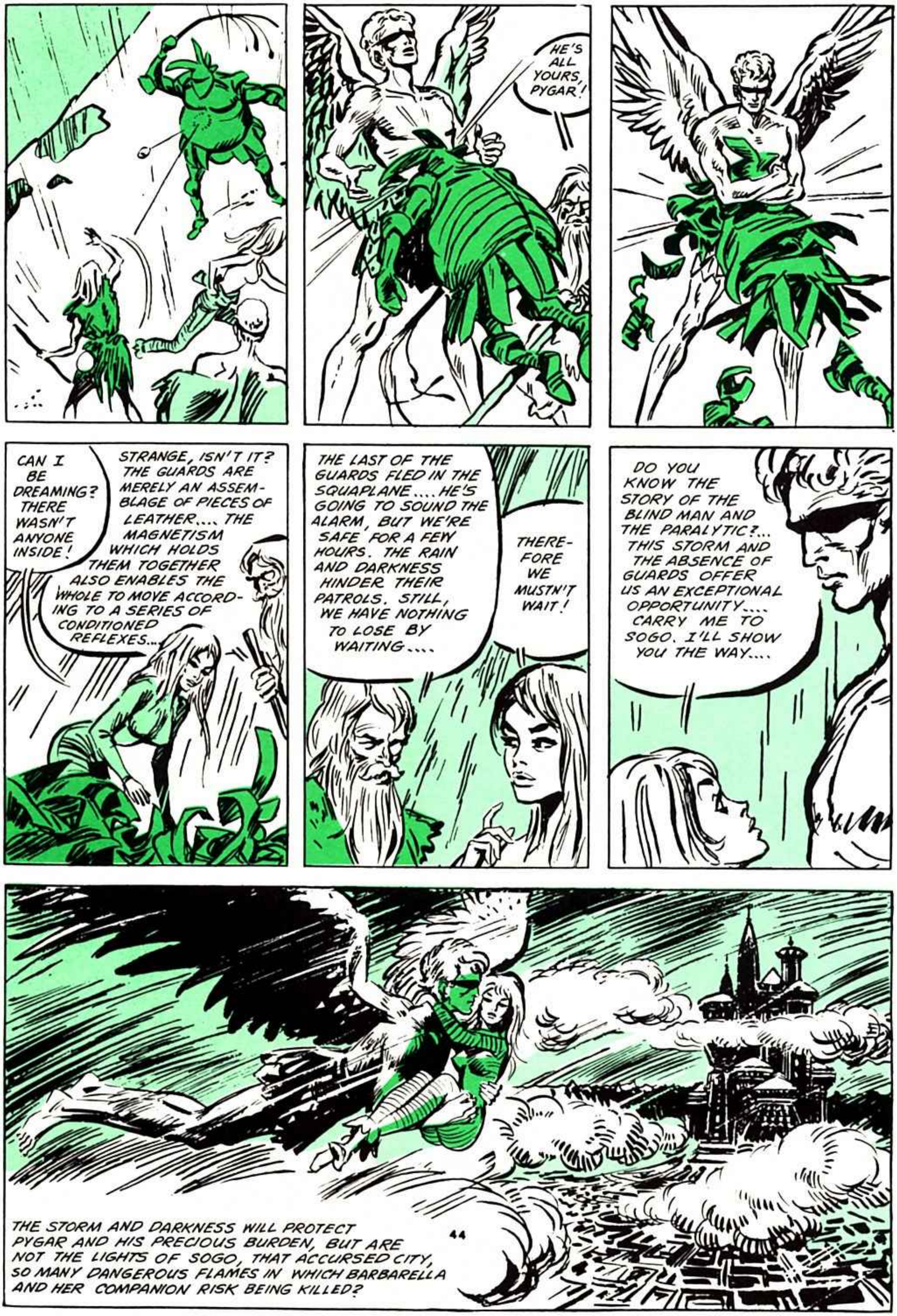

I OUGHT TO ADD THAT A COLLECTIVE UPRISING IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. SOGO'S CONSTANTLY THREATENING PRESSURES ARE ENOUGH TO PRECLUDE IT.
THE NATURE OF THE DANGER REMAINS UNKNOWN, BUT EACH OF US PRESUMES IT IS HORRIBLE!
WHAT AN INTERESTING SITUATION.
LET'S SEE NOW ... EVEN IF YOU ARE BEING WATCHED, IT MUST BE POSSIBLE TO CLIMB UP ONTO THE TOP OF THE WALLS TO GET AN OVER-ALL VIEW OF THE LABYRINTH AND THUS STEER CLEAR OF THE TRAPS. PERHAPS YOU COULD EVEN DRAW A MAP OF THE LABYRINTH!
THAT'S THE MOST CLASSIC WAY OF COMMITTING SUICIDE HERE.... THERE, LOOK AT THAT MAN!
HE'S AFFLICTED WITH PERFORATED LEPROSY!
AIR SHARKS! THEIR JAWS ARE MERCILESS... DON'T WORRY, DOWN HERE WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR....
THEY NEVER DIVE DOWN BELOW THE WALLS... NOR ARE THEY CAPABLE OF FLYING UP INTO THE SKY.... THEY LIVE IN BETWEEN THE TWO LAYERS OF AIR!


ONLY ONE PERSON WAS ABLE TO FOIL THAT IMPLACABLE GUARD. BUT HE PAID FOR IT DEARLY!
HOW DID HE DO IT? DID HE HAVE A FLYING MACHINE?
NOT EXACTLY. COME, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO HIM.
GREETINGS, PYGAR! THIS IS NO ORDINARY DAY. WE HAVE AN EARTH GIRL AMONG US!
THIS IS PYGAR, THE LAST OF THE ORNITHANTHROPES.... WHICH IS ROUGHLY SIMILAR TO WHAT WE WOULD CALL AN ANGEL ON EARTH!
A BLIND ANGEL, ALAS! DURAND, DESCRIBE THIS YOUNG LADY TO ME....
PYGAR, YOU KNOW I NEVER LIE TO YOU. THIS GIRL HAS A FACE AS PURE AS THAT OF A VESTAL VIRGIN, BUT SHE IS MORE DESIRABLE THAN ALL THE PROSTITUTES OF SOGO. SHE SAYS HER NAME IS BARBARELLA. SHE IS VENUS IN PERSON.
AH! DURAND, YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO COIN A COMPLIMENT!
GIVE ME YOUR HAND, VENUS...
AND WHAT IF I WERE A NATIVE OF MILO...?
HOW SILLY OF ME, YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND!
ARE YOU CRUEL?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
LATER.
I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU WERE ABLE TO FOIL THE AIR SHARKS. WITH A STROKE OF YOUR WINGS, YOU FLEW ABOVE THEM....
YES, AND I WAS NAIVE ENOUGH TO THINK I WAS FREE.... I EVEN HOPED, FROM UP THERE, TO GUIDE THE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE.


SIX MONTHS BEFORE, THEY BROUGHT PYGAR HERE MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, WITH HIS WINGS CLIPPED. BUT AS SOON AS HE WAS AGAIN ABLE TO FLY, HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO OUTSMART THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE BLACK GUARDS OF SOGO ... HOW BADLY HE MISJUDGED THEM! PYGAR WAS CAUGHT AT DUSK, AND THIS TIME THEY WERE NOT CONTENT TO PLUCK HIM LIKE A CHICKEN!
IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME, THERE'S STILL ANOTHER WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE.... WHY DON'T YOU DIG AN UNDER-GROUND PASSAGE?
WITH WHAT, EARTH GIRL? WE HAVE NO TOOLS, NOT EVEN THE MOST PRIMITIVE.
ARE YOU FORGETTING THE SUB-TERRINE?
YOUR MECHANICAL MOLE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT SOONER!
LISTEN! DON'T YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
WE MUST HIDE YOUR SUBTERRINE. OTHERWISE THE GUARDS WILL SOON SPOT IT AND REDUCE IT TO ASHES.
LISTEN! LISTEN CAREFULLY!
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING TOO.... A DISTANT WHISTLING NOISE....
A WHISTLING? IF ONLY WE DON'T GET THERE TOO LATE!
I DON'T UNDER-STAND A THING. YOU SEEM COMPLETELY AT HOME IN THIS MAZE.
WE'RE PERFECTLY FAMILIAR WITH THIS PART OF THE LABYRINTH... THE DANGER BEGINS CLOSER TO THE CITY.... AH! HERE'S THE SUBTERRINE!


NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THE LABYRINTH.... HOW COULD I EVER HAVE FORGOTTEN?
TELL ME, DURAND, YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF DESPOT RULES SOGO. IS HIS BLUE BEARD ESPECIALLY DARK?
THE BEARD? NO. BUT A FINE HEAD OF HAIR WHICH IN FACT IS THAT INSIDIOUS COLOR!
LO-LOK LOK-LOLOK LOKLO!
HE SAYS THAT THE BLACK GUARDS ARE SEARCHING THE LABYRINTH. THEY'RE CERTAINLY LOOKING FOR YOU.... COME, LET'S GO FIND PYGAR. THE CREVICE HE LIVES IN IS THE ONLY PLACE WE'RE LIABLE TO FIND HIM.
THE EARTH GIRL IS AFRAID OF THE RAIN, PYGAR.... CAN YOU SHELTER HER?
IF THEY DON'T FIND ME, ISN'T THERE A RISK THEY'LL MAKE REPRISALS AGAINST YOUR FRIENDS?
THEY WELL MAY!... AH, HERE ARE THE GUARDS.
HOW MANY ARE THERE?
THREE, I THINK.... BUT WE ALSO HAVE TO RECKON WITH THE ONE WHO'S REMAINED ON BOARD THE SQUAPLANE....
DO THEY UNDERSTAND "GALACTIC"?
THEY UNDERSTAND ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF FINDING OUT!...
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? ARE YOU CRAZY?
HEY! YOU CARICATURES! I HAVE A LOVELY GIFT FOR YOUR BELOVED SOVEREIGN, AND FOR YOU A FAT TIP....

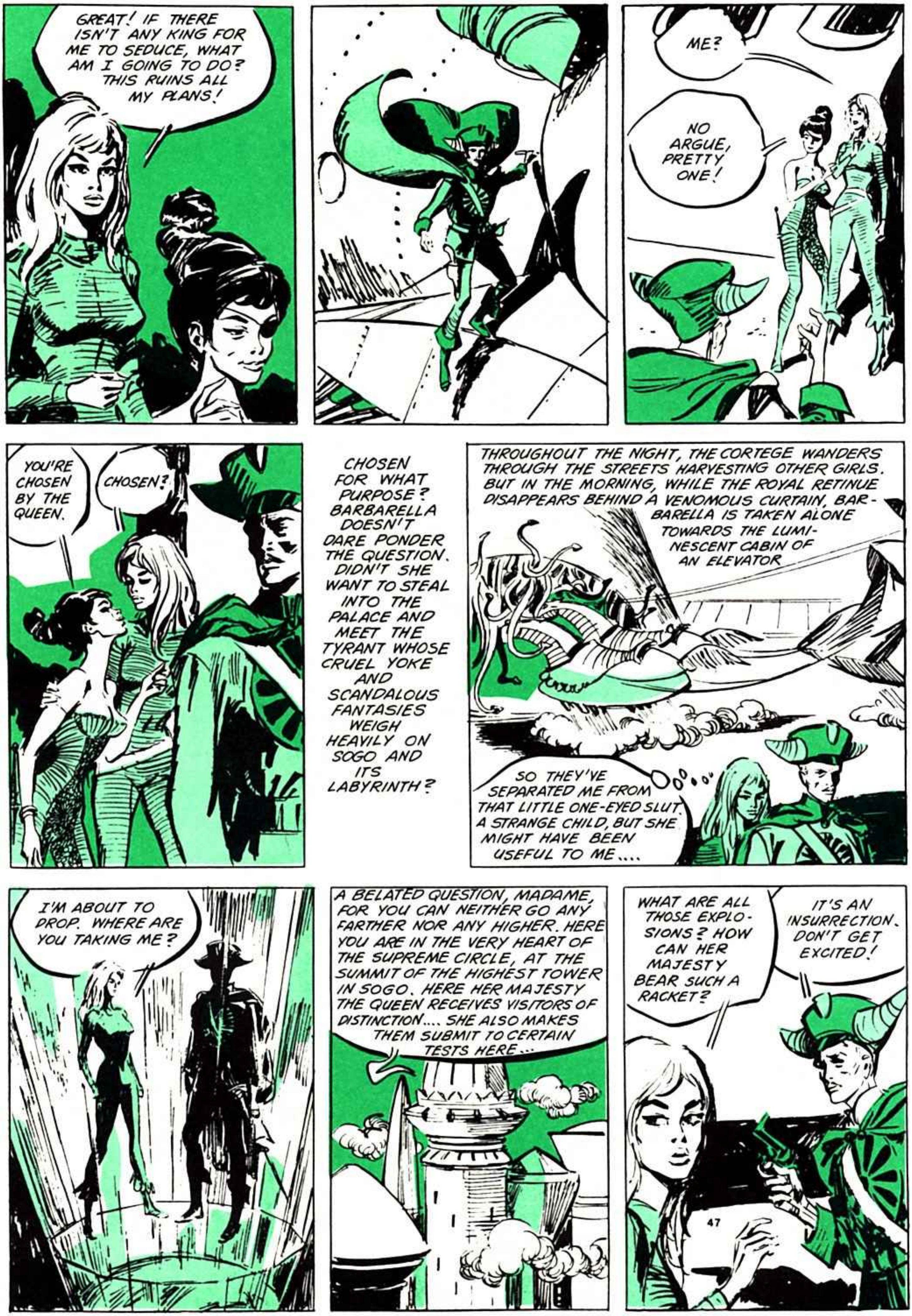

THE FOOL! SHE'LL COST US OUR LIVES!
QUIET! SHE HAS MORE COURAGE THAN BOTH OF US... WHAT'S SHE DOING?
WHAT IS SHE DOING?...
FIRST THE PRESENT FOR YOUR KING!
THEN THE TIP!...
DAMN! THIS WRETCHED DEVICE HAS A MISPLACED SENSE OF THE DRAMATIC! IT'S JAMMED!
DURAND, DO SOMETHING! OH, IF ONLY I COULD SEE!
IF YOU DID YOU'D SEE THAT SILLY FOOL OF A GIRL BEING SPANKED! IT'S STRICTLY FORBIDDEN TO DO A STRIP-TEASE IN THE RAIN....
DURAND, IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING, I'LL STRANGLE YOU!
TAKE IT EASY. I HAVE AN IDEA. FOLLOW ME!
HURRY UP, EARTH GIRL! BEAT A RETREAT. AND PYGAR, STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!
43


HE'S ALL YOURS, PYGAR!
CAN I BE DREAMING? THERE WASN'T ANYONE INSIDE!
STRANGE, ISN'T IT? THE GUARDS ARE MERELY AN ASSEMBLAGE OF PIECES OF LEATHER.... THE MAGNETISM WHICH HOLDS THEM TOGETHER ALSO ENABLES THE WHOLE TO MOVE ACCORDING TO A SERIES OF CONDITIONED REFLEXES...
THE LAST OF THE GUARDS FLED IN THE SQUAPLANE.... HE'S GOING TO SOUND THE ALARM, BUT WE'RE SAFE FOR A FEW HOURS. THE RAIN AND DARKNESS HINDER THEIR PATROLS. STILL, WE HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY WAITING....
THEREFORE WE MUSTN'T WAIT!
DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE BLIND MAN AND THE PARALYTIC?... THIS STORM AND THE ABSENCE OF GUARDS OFFER US AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.... CARRY ME TO SOGO. I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY....
THE STORM AND DARKNESS WILL PROTECT PYGAR AND HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN, BUT ARE NOT THE LIGHTS OF SOGO, THAT ACCURSED CITY, SO MANY DANGEROUS FLAMES IN WHICH BARBARELLA AND HER COMPANION RISK BEING KILLED?
44


PYGAR, WE LEFT SO SUDDENLY I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK WHAT WOULD BECOME OF YOU IN SOGO.... IN SPITE OF THE STORM THE ALARM MUST HAVE BEEN GIVEN!
DON'T WORRY, I HAVE FRIENDS IN THESE POORER DISTRICTS. THEY'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE ME....
PYGAR! WE WERE SURE YOU'D COME BACK.... AS FOR THE EARTH GIRL, SHE'S CERTAINLY A BOLD ONE!
SHE IS INDEED, AND COURAGEOUS TO BOOT! IF WE AREN'T COWARDS, WE'LL HELP HER!
FOR THE MOMENT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME. BESIDES, I'M A BIT MAD, AND MY PLANS WOULD ONLY KEEP YOU UP NIGHTS WORRYING....
THESE PEOPLE ARE REALLY DECENT. THE BEST HELP THEY COULD GIVE ME WAS PROCURING ME THIS MAP OF THE CITY....



LET'S SEE, FIRST I MUST CROSS THROUGH THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT.... HMMM... IN THIS CESS-POOL OF EVIL, HOW DOES ONE DISTINGUISH THE RED-LIGHT DISTRICT FROM THE REST OF THE CITY?
BY SATURN, WHO ARE THESE POOR BEGGARS?
DON'T BE AFRAID, PRETTY ONE! POOR BEGGARS, NIGHTY-NIGHT!
THIS GIRL SEEMS JUST AS WORRI-SOME!
THANKS, DEARIE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, AND WHAT DO YOU DO IN LIFE?
SLUPE... I SELL LOVE. FOR YOU, PRETTY ONE, I GIVE FREE.
MY NAME'S NOT PRETTY ONE, IT'S BARBARELLA, AND... DON'T GET SO WORKED UP, I CAN HEAR SOMEONE COMING.
YES INDEED, IT'S THE QUEEN AND HER RETINUE. BETTER NOT LOOK TOO INNOCENT....
THE QUEEN? YOU SPEAK OF HER AS THOUGH THERE WERE ONLY ONE. DOESN'T THE KING WITH THE BLUE WIG HAVE A WHOLE HAREM?
NOT ANY KING. ONLY QUEEN. WHERE YOU BLOW IN FROM, PRETTY ONE?



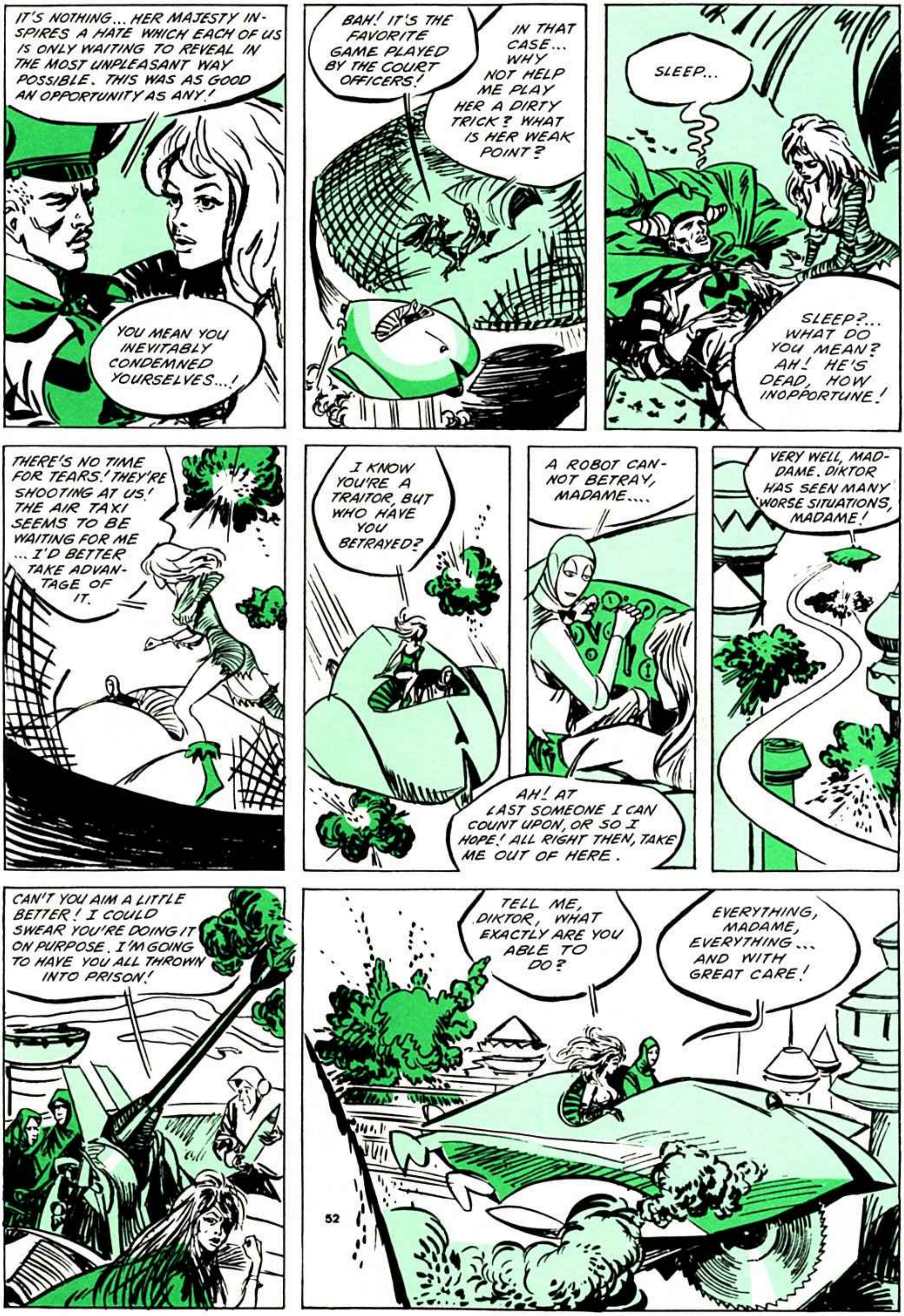
GREAT! IF THERE ISN'T ANY KING FOR ME TO SEDUCE, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? THIS RUINS ALL MY PLANS!
ME?
NO ARGUE, PRETTY ONE!
YOU'RE CHOSEN BY THE QUEEN.
CHOSEN?
CHOSEN FOR WHAT PURPOSE? BARBARELLA DOESN'T DARE PONDER THE QUESTION. DIDN'T SHE WANT TO STEAL INTO THE PALACE AND MEET THE TYRANT WHOSE CRUEL YOKE AND SCANDALOUS FANTASIES WEIGH HEAVILY ON SOGO AND ITS LABYRINTH?
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE CORTEGE WANDERS THROUGH THE STREETS HARVESTING OTHER GIRLS. BUT IN THE MORNING, WHILE THE ROYAL RETINUE DISAPPEARS BEHIND A VENOMOUS CURTAIN, BARBARELLA IS TAKEN ALONE TOWARDS THE LUMINESCENT CABIN OF AN ELEVATOR
SO THEY'VE SEPARATED ME FROM THAT LITTLE ONE-EYED SLUT. A STRANGE CHILD, BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN USEFUL TO ME....
I'M ABOUT TO DROP. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
A BELATED QUESTION, MADAME, FOR YOU CAN NEITHER GO ANY FARTHER NOR ANY HIGHER. HERE YOU ARE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE SUPREME CIRCLE, AT THE SUMMIT OF THE HIGHEST TOWER IN SOGO. HERE HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVES VISITORS OF DISTINCTION.... SHE ALSO MAKES THEM SUBMIT TO CERTAIN TESTS HERE...
WHAT ARE ALL THOSE EXPLOSIONS? HOW CAN HER MAJESTY BEAR SUCH A RACKET?
IT'S AN INSURRECTION. DON'T GET EXCITED!

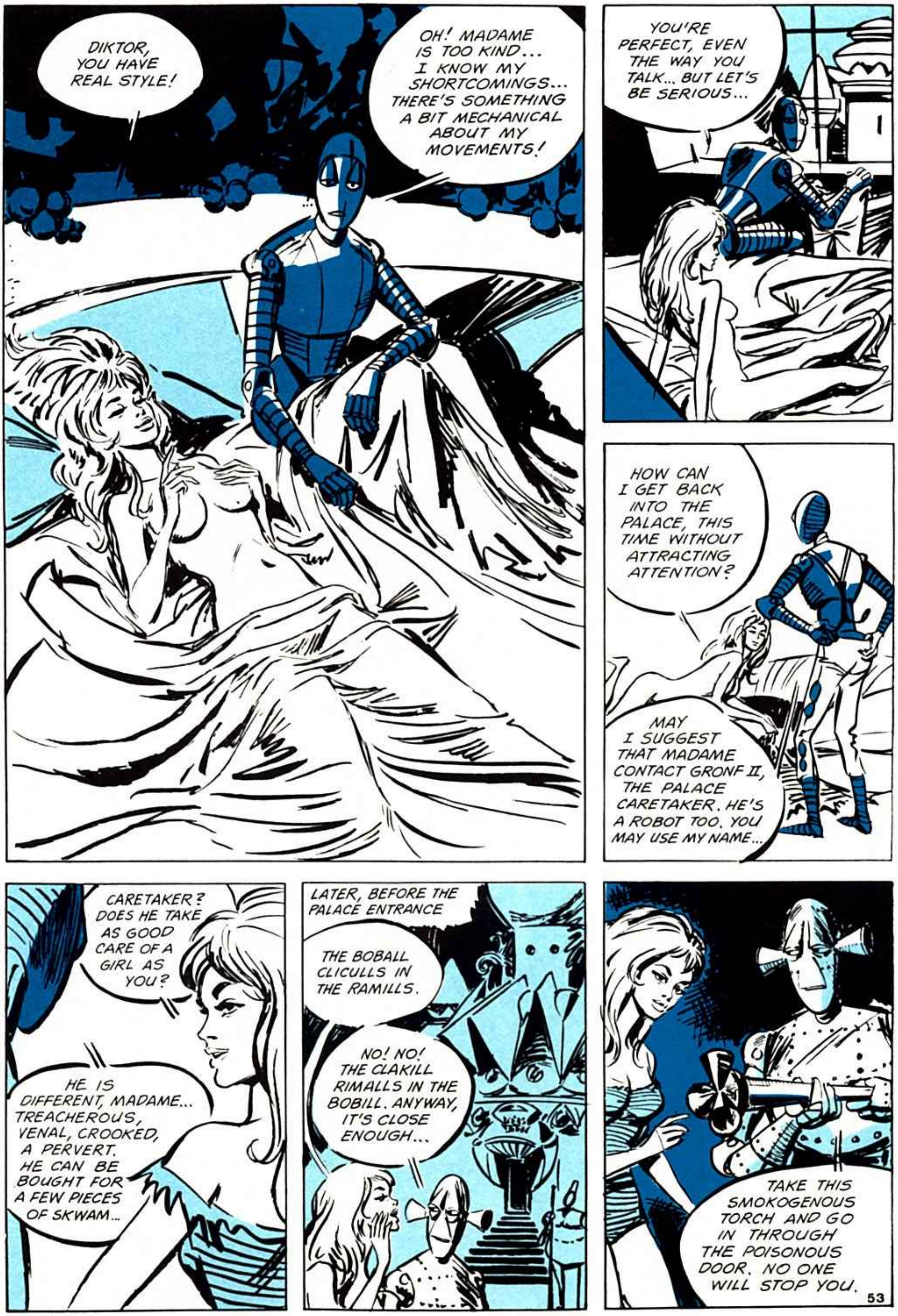

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A REVOLT IN THE PALACE ITSELF? INCREDIBLE! WHAT IS THE GUARD DOING?
CAPTAIN SUN, ALL RESISTANCE IS USELESS. HAND OVER YOUR SWORD. YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED....
HERE. I MIGHT POINT OUT TO YOU THAT THE LAST TIME YOU ALSO REQUESTED MY PISTOL .... AN OVERSIGHT WHICH COULD COST YOU DEARLY!
AH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, CAPTAIN SUN!...
BANG!
EITHER I'M NOT SOBER, OR ELSE INSURRECTIONS SEEM TO BE PART AND PARCEL OF THE PALACE CUSTOMS
QUITE RIGHT. IT'S A COMEDY STAGED AND DIRECTED BY HER MAJESTY HERSELF....
SINCE NO ONE IS BOLD ENOUGH ACTUALLY TO REVOLT AGAINST HER AUTHORITY, AND SINCE HER TASTE FOR THE DRAMATIC NEEDS TO BE SATISFIED, SHE RESORTS TO THIS STAGED PRODUCTION. AT THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE, SHE CHOOSES SEVERAL REBELS AND HAS THEM EXECUTED
AND THAT TOO IS SIMULATED, OF COURSE....
NOT AT ALL. ON THIS POINT, HER MAJESTY IS DEAD SERIOUS!
LOOK OUT! HERE ARE THE BLUE GUARDS!
SORRY, CAPTAIN SUN, BUT I FIND MYSELF COMPELLED TO USE YOU AS A HOSTAGE AND A SHIELD
PLEASE DO!
AM I DREAMING, OR IS THIS HANDSOME REVOLUTIONARY FONDLING ME?


WE MUST STEAL YOU AWAY FROM YOUR CHARMING COMPANION, CAPTAIN SUN. YOUR PRESENCE AMONG US IS INDISPENSABLE!
AS YOU SAY.
HAS HE IMPROVISED WITH ME AS HIS SUBJECT? WHAT HAS THIS FLIRT SLIPPED IN BETWEEN MY BREASTS?
AH, IT'S A MESSAGE!
"THIS TIME IT'S NO PLAY, BUT FOR REAL. JOIN OUR RANKS, IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE."
THE TRAP IS A BIT OBVIOUS, YOUR MAJESTY!
HERE, TAKE THIS WEAPON, FRIEND, IT MAY COME IN HANDY!
!
THANKS, I'LL MAKE USE OF IT AT ONCE!
YOUR REACTIONS ARE EXCELLENT, BARBARELLA. NOW, COME OVER HERE.... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING AGAINST ME. THERE WAS ONLY ONE BULLET IN THAT GUN. BESIDES, CAPTAIN SUN IS GOING TO RELIEVE YOU OF IT!


ALLOW ME TO REMIND YOUR MAJESTY THAT SHE IS NOT FULLY INFORMED. MY NAME IS NOT SIMPLY BARBARELLA...
...BUT BARBARELLA GORGORA DI VAMPIRA, FROM A LONG LINE OF BLOOD-DRINKERS AND VENOM SUCKERS....
UNIM-PRESSIVE...!
I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER TO PROPOSE TO YOU. DO YOU LIKE BIRDS?
COOKED HOW?
THE WAY A GOOSE IS! HERE WE SERVE THEM RAW.... SUN, BE SO KIND AS TO ESCORT THIS YOUNG LADY TO THE SITE OF THE LOVE-FEAST!
WAIT... WOULD YOUR MAJESTY GRANT ME ONE FAVOR? THIS MEAL TO WHICH I'M INVITED MIGHT WELL BE MY LAST....
WHAT FAVOR?
WHAT IS THERE BE-HIND THESE BLUE SIDE LOCKS?
AH! DAMN YOU!
SLUPE! THE LITTLE ONE-EYED WENCH!
YOU HAVE A GOOD MEMORY, PRETTY ONE!
AND NOW, TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS!
SUN, I DON'T MIND DYING, BUT TELL ME ONE THING: IS THE QUEEN THAT SAME GIRL YOU TOOK CAPTIVE WITH ME YESTERDAY EVENING?
WHO KNOWS? THE QUEEN MAY BE ALL WOMEN!
THE GATE'S CLOSED BEHIND ME... I WONDER WHAT THAT TUNNEL IS FOR ACROSS THE CAGE?


THE WIND TUNNEL... IT'S BLOWING IN BIRDS! OH! THE ADORABLE LITTLE CREATURES!
NO! NO! STOP! I'M GOING TO...
COURAGE, EARTH GIRL!
POOR BARBARELLA!
YOU, CAPTAIN SUN! AH! I'M GOING MAD! LEAVE ME ALONE... THERE'S STILL ENOUGH LIFE LEFT IN ME TO...
...CURE YOU OF YOUR PENCHANT FOR THE THEATRICAL!
AH!
TOO BAD, EARTH GIRL.... THIS TIME YOU FAILED THE TEST: THIS WAS NO PLAY-ACTING....
WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY DEFIED THE QUEEN TO COME AND HELP ME?
51

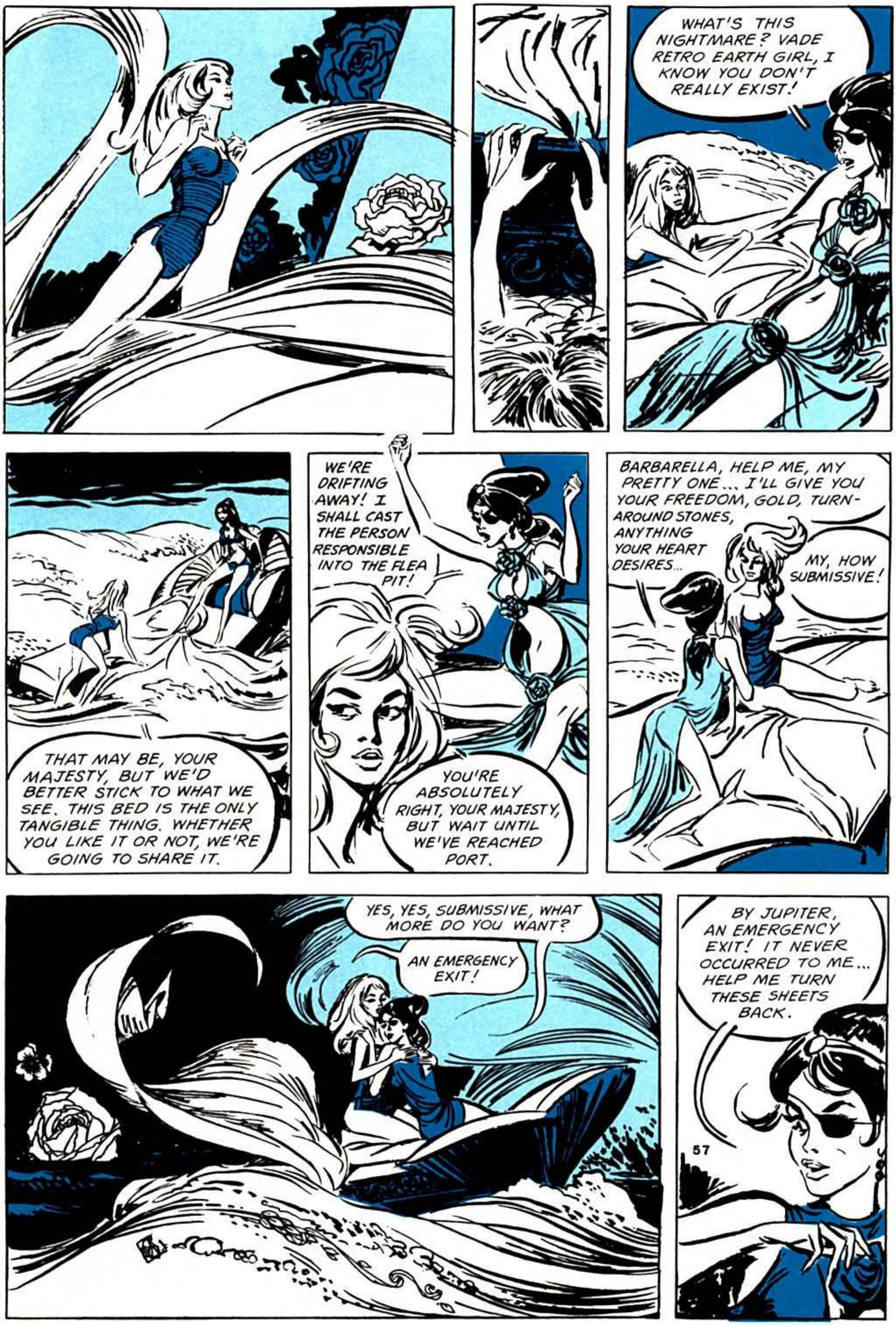

IT'S NOTHING... HER MAJESTY INSPIRES A HATE WHICH EACH OF US IS ONLY WAITING TO REVEAL IN THE MOST UNPLEASANT WAY POSSIBLE. THIS WAS AS GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY AS ANY!
YOU MEAN YOU INEVITABLY CONDEMNED YOURSELVES...!
BAH! IT'S THE FAVORITE GAME PLAYED BY THE COURT OFFICERS!
IN THAT CASE... WHY NOT HELP ME PLAY HER A DIRTY TRICK? WHAT IS HER WEAK POINT?
SLEEP...
SLEEP?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? AH! HE'S DEAD, HOW INOPPORTUNE!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR TEARS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US! THE AIR TAXI SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR ME ... I'D BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.
I KNOW YOU'RE A TRAITOR, BUT WHO HAVE YOU BETRAYED?
A ROBOT CANNOT BETRAY, MADAME....
AH! AT LAST SOMEONE I CAN COUNT UPON, OR SO I HOPE! ALL RIGHT THEN, TAKE ME OUT OF HERE.
VERY WELL, MADAME. DIKTOR HAS SEEN MANY WORSE SITUATIONS, MADAME!
CAN'T YOU AIM A LITTLE BETTER! I COULD SWEAR YOU'RE DOING IT ON PURPOSE. I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU ALL THROWN INTO PRISON!
TELL ME, DIKTOR, WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU ABLE TO DO?
EVERYTHING, MADAME, EVERYTHING... AND WITH GREAT CARE!


DIKTOR, YOU HAVE REAL STYLE!
OH! MADAME IS TOO KIND... I KNOW MY SHORTCOMINGS... THERE'S SOMETHING A BIT MECHANICAL ABOUT MY MOVEMENTS!
YOU'RE PERFECT, EVEN THE WAY YOU TALK... BUT LET'S BE SERIOUS...
HOW CAN I GET BACK INTO THE PALACE, THIS TIME WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION?
MAY I SUGGEST THAT MADAME CONTACT GRONF II, THE PALACE CARETAKER. HE'S A ROBOT TOO. YOU MAY USE MY NAME...
CARETAKER? DOES HE TAKE AS GOOD CARE OF A GIRL AS YOU?
HE IS DIFFERENT, MADAME... TREACHEROUS, VENAL, CROOKED, A PERVERT. HE CAN BE BOUGHT FOR A FEW PIECES OF SKWAM...
LATER, BEFORE THE PALACE ENTRANCE
THE BOBALL CLICULLS IN THE RAMILLS.
NO! NO! THE CLAKILL RIMALLS IN THE BOBILL. ANYWAY, IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH...
TAKE THIS SMOKOGENOUS TORCH AND GO IN THROUGH THE POISONOUS DOOR. NO ONE WILL STOP YOU.

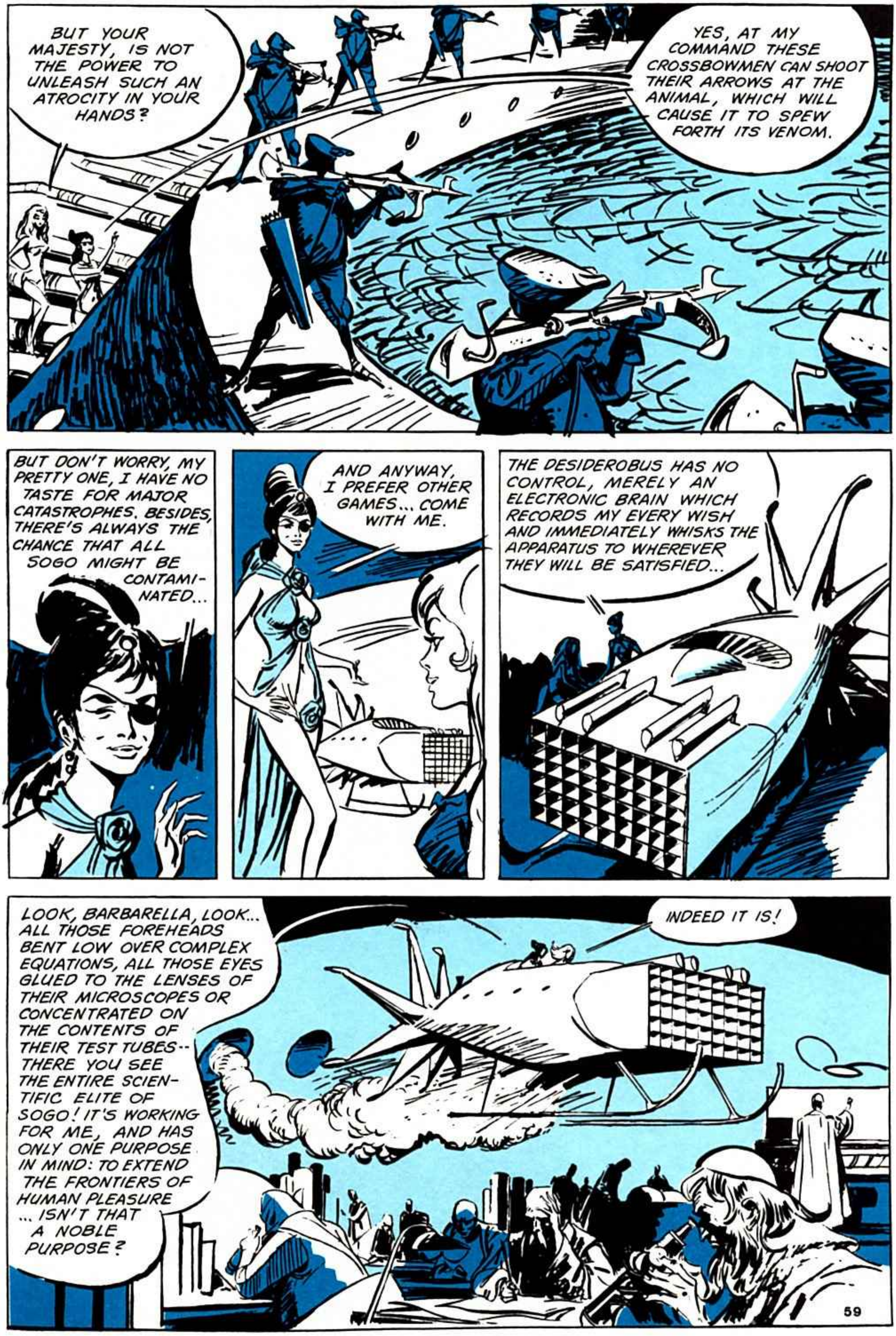

AH! HERE'S THE YOUNG LADY THE CARETAKER WARNED US ABOUT!
WE HAD TO KNOCK HER OUT...SHE WILL HAVE TO DIE, OH MASTER LOCKSMITH!
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. WE MUST SAVE HER... BRING IN THE EXCESSIVE MACHINE.
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW. LEAVE US ALONE...

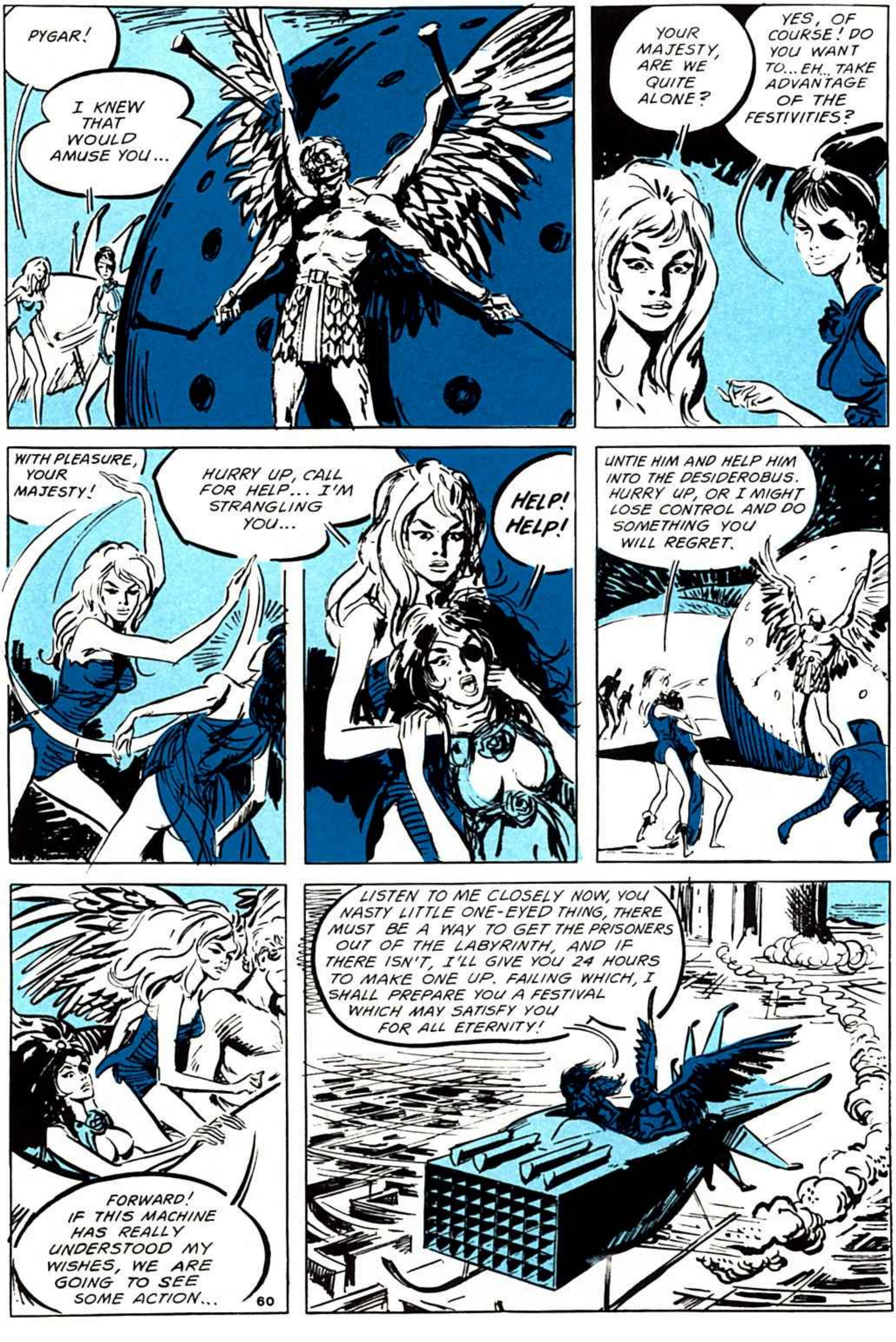

WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT IS THIS MACHINE?
I AM THE MASTER LOCKSMITH OF THE PALACE. THIS MACHINE IS MY INVENTION, AND I'M VERY PROUD OF IT. THE MACHINE REVIVED YOU. IT CAN ALSO MAKE YOU DIE.
DIE OF PLEASURE, TO BE MORE PRECISE.
YOU... YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE THAT!
YOU DOUBT ME?
ah! aA aA aA aaa a a AH!
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?
ENOUGH OF THESE LITTLE JOKES. GET READY, I MUST EXECUTE YOU...
WAIT... EVEN THE QUEEN GRANTED ME ONE LAST FAVOR BEFORE THROWING ME TO THE LITTLE BIRDS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY: WHY IS SLEEP THE QUEEN'S WEAK SPOT?
THAT'S NO MYSTERY. DESPITE HER CYNICISM, OUR SOVEREIGN IS OVERWHELMED BY REMORSE. HER CRIMES KEEP HER FROM SLEEPING!
ARE THE SLEEPING PILLS FOR THE FOOTMEN?
SHE'S AFRAID OF BEING POISONED! SHE PREFERS TO LOCK HERSELF EACH NIGHT IN A SLEEPING ROOM, WHERE A MACHINE DISPENSES DREAMS THAT SEEM REAL. THEY'RE THE ONLY THING THAT HELP HER SLEEP.
EXTRAORDINARY! BUT SHE MUST BE VERY VULNERABLE WHILE THESE MIRAGES ARE GOING ON.
SOMEBODY WOULD STILL HAVE TO GET INTO THE "ROOM OF DREAMS" ... NO ONE HAS DARED TO BRAVE THE QUEEN'S DREAMS...
IF I WERE FREE, I'D DARE!
ALL RIGHT THEN, YOU'RE FREE!
BUT WHERE'S THE KEY?
I'M THE PALACE LOCKSMITH, REMEMBER? I HAVE A DUPLICATE KEY FOR EVERY LOCK... EVEN THE MOST SECRET...

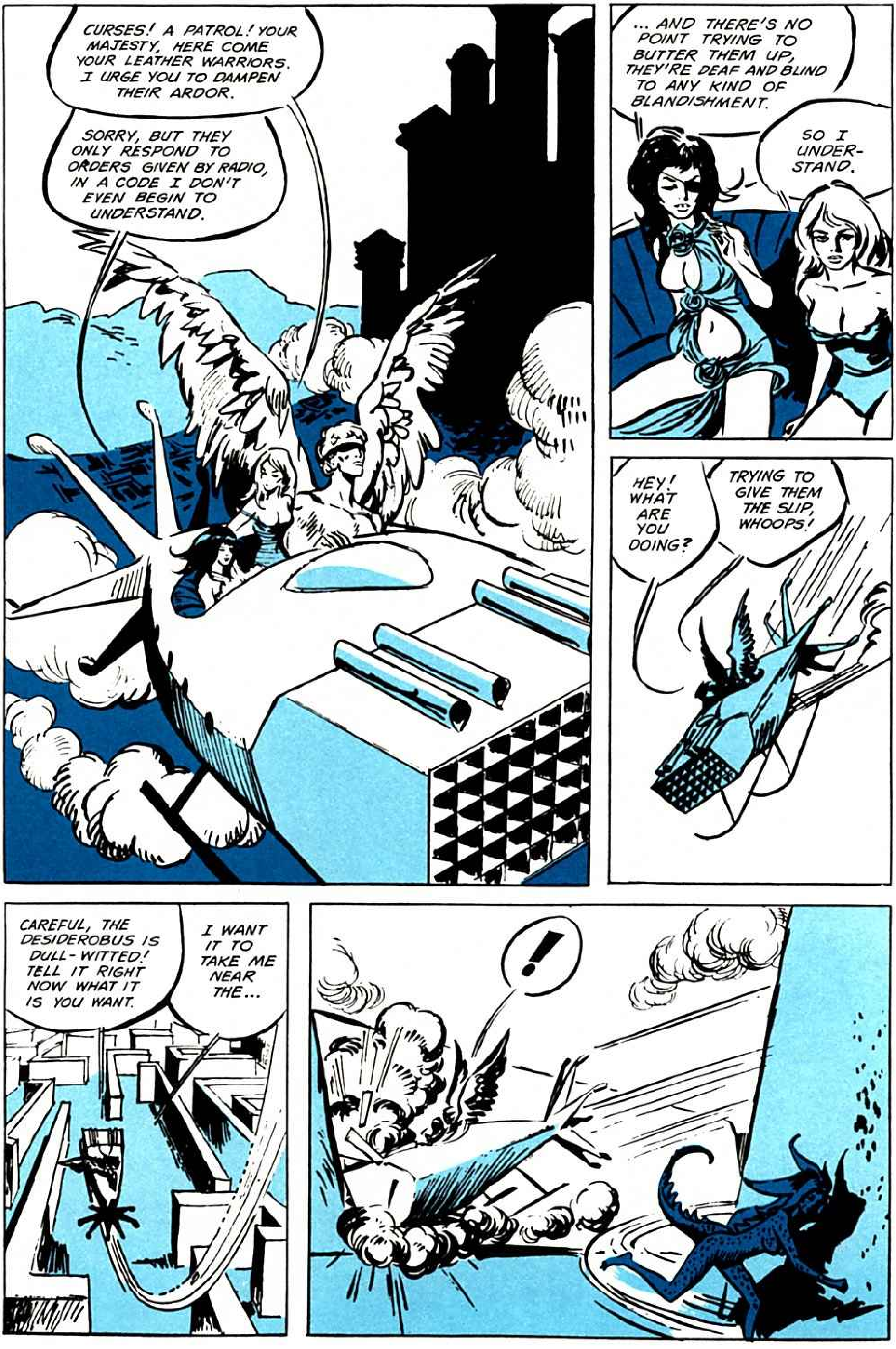

HERE'S THE DOOR, HERE'S THE KEY, THE DEVIL TAKE YOU, ONE, TWO, THREE. ♫♪♪♪
HOW DOES IT OPEN ? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE...
AH, THERE IT IS! IT WAS SO SIMPLE I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT...
THE MIRAGES HAVEN'T BEGUN YET. PROBABLY THE QUEEN HAS ONLY JUST CHOSEN HER DREAMS...
I'M GOING TO UPSET HER PROGRAM AT RANDOM, THEN I'LL ACT ACCORDING TO WHAT SHE DOES...
QUITE A NIGHTMARE YOU ARE PREPARING FOR HER THERE, EARTH GIRL! IT WOULD BE CRUEL TO LET HER FACE IT ALONE.
AH! TRAITOR! HE LOCKED ME IN WITH THE QUEEN... AND NOW THE MIRAGES ARE BEGINNING.
TILT!

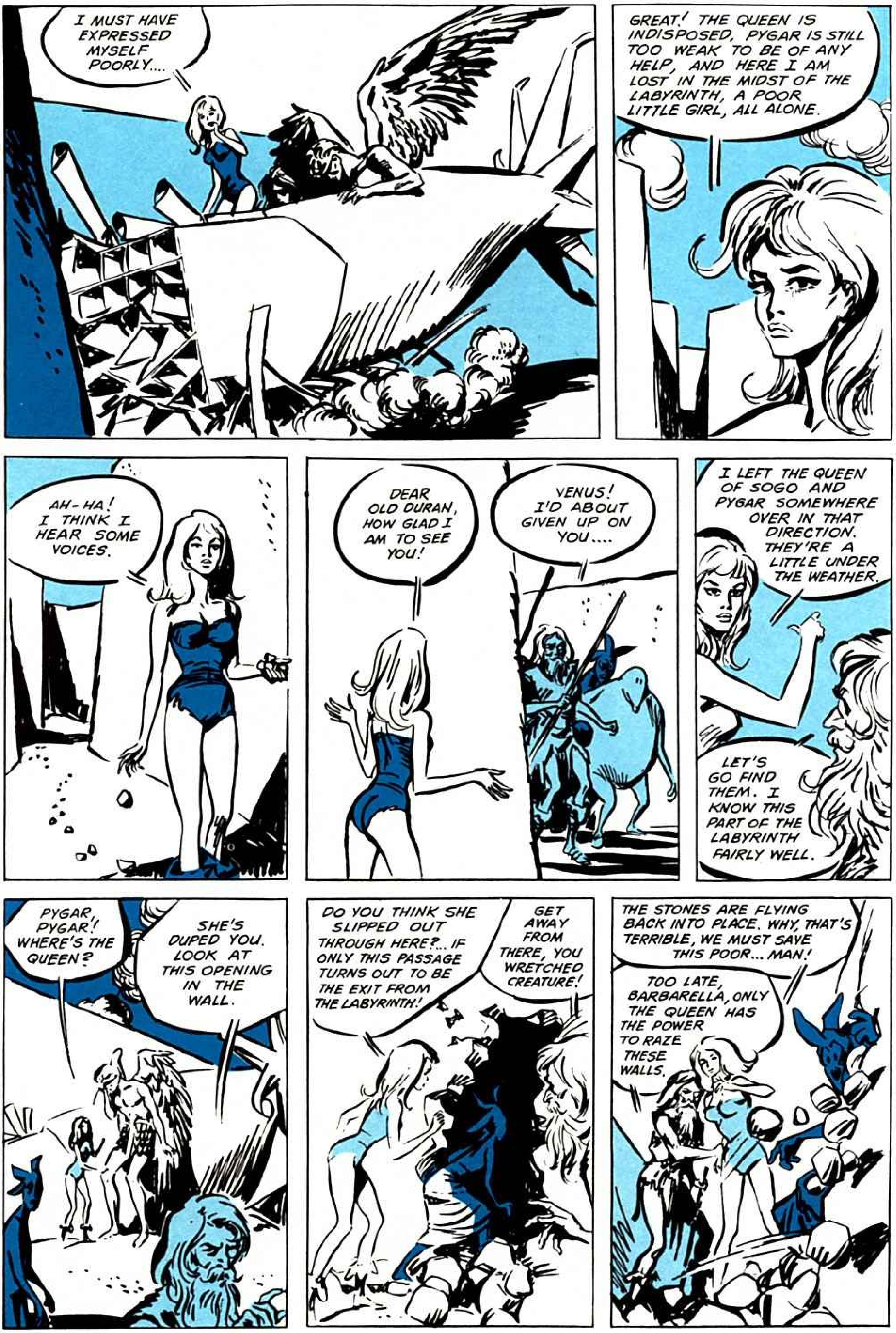

WHAT'S THIS NIGHTMARE? VADE RETRO EARTH GIRL, I KNOW YOU DON'T REALLY EXIST!
THAT MAY BE, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT WE'D BETTER STICK TO WHAT WE SEE. THIS BED IS THE ONLY TANGIBLE THING. WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE GOING TO SHARE IT.
WE'RE DRIFTING AWAY! I SHALL CAST THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE INTO THE FLEA PIT!
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT WAIT UNTIL WE'VE REACHED PORT.
BARBARELLA, HELP ME, MY PRETTY ONE... I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM, GOLD, TURN-AROUND STONES, ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES...
MY, HOW SUBMISSIVE!
YES, YES, SUBMISSIVE, WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?
AN EMERGENCY EXIT!
BY JUPITER, AN EMERGENCY EXIT! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME... HELP ME TURN THESE SHEETS BACK.

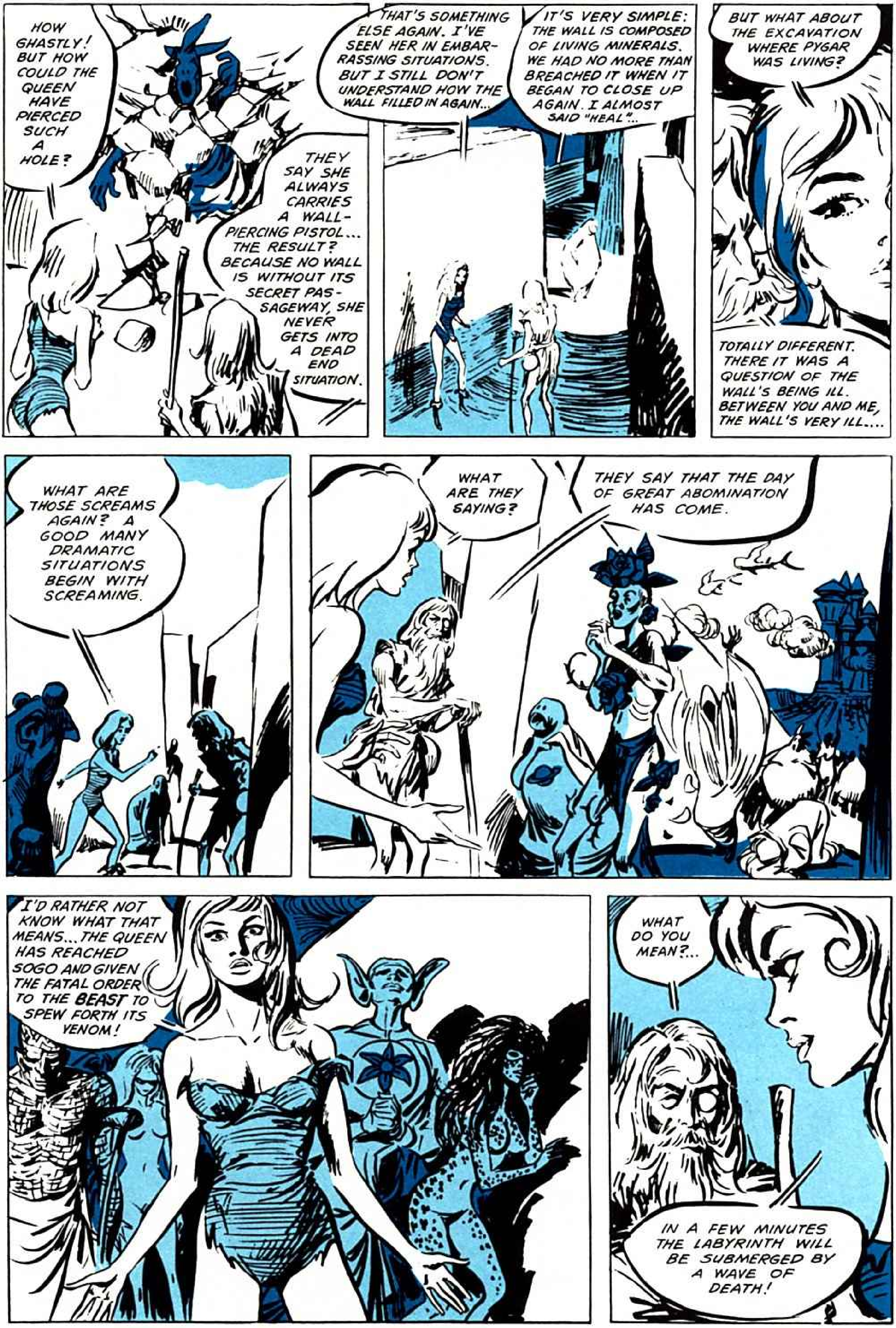

THERE, AT THE BOTTOM OF MY BED, IS A FELT TRAPDOOR, WHICH OPENS ONTO A SILK LADDER, WHICH LEADS TO A VELVET STAIRCASE, WHICH ITSELF...
WHERE'S THIS STAIRCASE LEADING US?
INTO THE BASEMENTS OF THE PALACE, I BELIEVE. I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE.
HERE'S A LIGHT, AND SOME DIRECTIONS CARVED INTO THE STONE.
YOUR MAJESTY, WHY ARE YOU SO PALE?
LISTEN, MY PRETTY ONE, WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SEE IS NOT MY DOING. THIS ODIOUS THING HAS BEEN HERE EVER SINCE THE CITY EXISTED, LIKE A WORM IN A PIECE OF FRUIT.
ALL I CAN SEE IS A KIND OF ENDLESS SHELL, WITH PIPES STICKING OUT.
THAT'S ALL ANYONE EVER SEES OF THE BEAST... AT LAST REPORT, ITS DIAMETER EXCEEDED A THOUSAND STERPES.
EACH OF THESE PIPES LINKS ITS POISON POUCHES TO THE LABYRINTH WHICH SURROUNDS THE CITY.
THE MONSTER IS CAPABLE OF RELEASING A FRIGHTFUL QUANTITY OF A POISON, ONE DROP OF WHICH ON THE SKIN IS FATAL. NO PRISONER HAS EVER MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM IT.
AH, SO THAT'S IT! THE NAMELESS MENACE THOSE POOR WRETCHES WERE TALKING ABOUT.

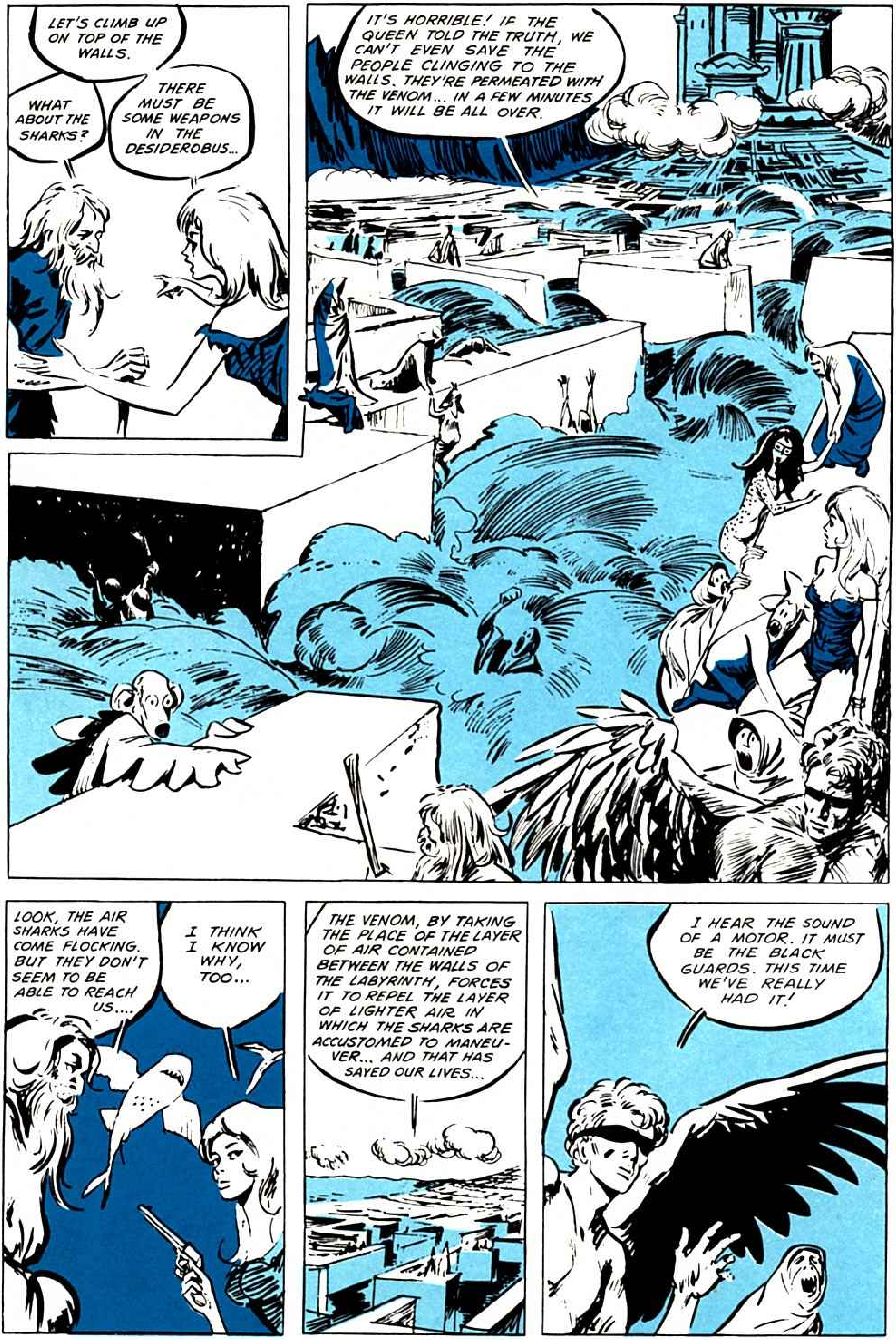

BUT YOUR MAJESTY, IS NOT THE POWER TO UNLEASH SUCH AN ATROCITY IN YOUR HANDS?
YES, AT MY COMMAND THESE CROSSBOWMEN CAN SHOOT THEIR ARROWS AT THE ANIMAL, WHICH WILL CAUSE IT TO SPEW FORTH ITS VENOM.
BUT DON'T WORRY, MY PRETTY ONE, I HAVE NO TASTE FOR MAJOR CATASTROPHES. BESIDES, THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT ALL SOGO MIGHT BE CONTAMINATED...
AND ANYWAY, I PREFER OTHER GAMES... COME WITH ME.
THE DESIDEROBUS HAS NO CONTROL, MERELY AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN WHICH RECORDS MY EVERY WISH AND IMMEDIATELY WHISKS THE APPARATUS TO WHEREVER THEY WILL BE SATISFIED...
LOOK, BARBARELLA, LOOK... ALL THOSE FOREHEADS BENT LOW OVER COMPLEX EQUATIONS, ALL THOSE EYES GLUED TO THE LENSES OF THEIR MICROSCOPES OR CONCENTRATED ON THE CONTENTS OF THEIR TEST TUBES-- THERE YOU SEE THE ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC ELITE OF SOGO! IT'S WORKING FOR ME, AND HAS ONLY ONE PURPOSE IN MIND: TO EXTEND THE FRONTIERS OF HUMAN PLEASURE ... ISN'T THAT A NOBLE PURPOSE?
INDEED IT IS!


PYGAR!
I KNEW THAT WOULD AMUSE YOU...
YOUR MAJESTY, ARE WE QUITE ALONE?
YES, OF COURSE! DO YOU WANT TO... EH... TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FESTIVITIES?
WITH PLEASURE, YOUR MAJESTY!
HURRY UP, CALL FOR HELP... I'M STRANGLING YOU...
HELP! HELP!
UNTIE HIM AND HELP HIM INTO THE DESIDEROBUS. HURRY UP, OR I MIGHT LOSE CONTROL AND DO SOMETHING YOU WILL REGRET.
FORWARD! IF THIS MACHINE HAS REALLY UNDERSTOOD MY WISHES, WE ARE GOING TO SEE SOME ACTION...
LISTEN TO ME CLOSELY NOW, YOU NASTY LITTLE ONE-EYED THING, THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET THE PRISONERS OUT OF THE LABYRINTH, AND IF THERE ISN'T, I'LL GIVE YOU 24 HOURS TO MAKE ONE UP. FAILING WHICH, I SHALL PREPARE YOU A FESTIVAL WHICH MAY SATISFY YOU FOR ALL ETERNITY!

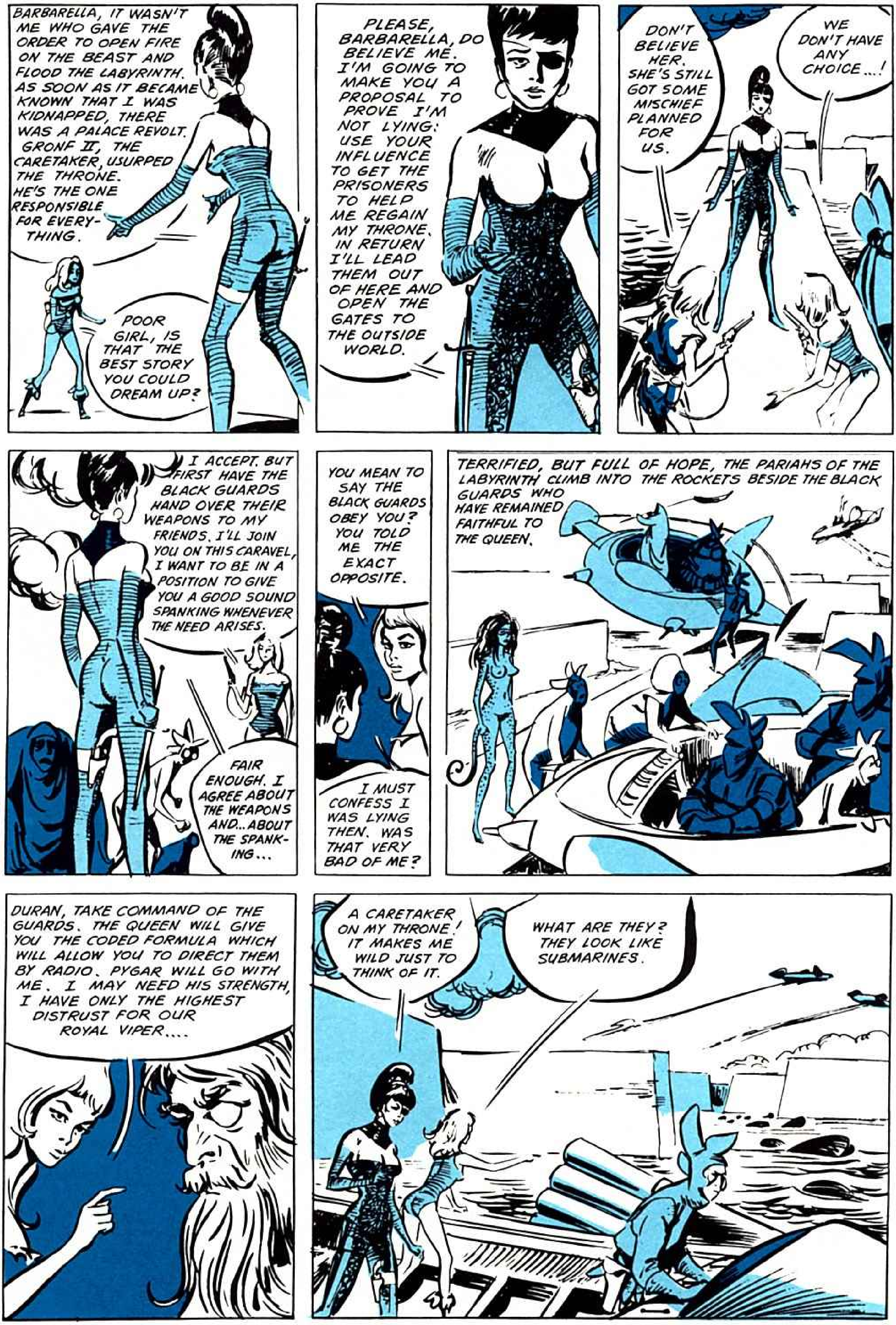

CURSES! A PATROL! YOUR MAJESTY, HERE COME YOUR LEATHER WARRIORS. I URGE YOU TO DAMPEN THEIR ARDOR.
SORRY, BUT THEY ONLY RESPOND TO ORDERS GIVEN BY RADIO, IN A CODE I DON'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.
... AND THERE'S NO POINT TRYING TO BUTTER THEM UP, THEY'RE DEAF AND BLIND TO ANY KIND OF BLANDISHMENT.
SO I UNDER-STAND.
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TRYING TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP, WHOOPS!
CAREFUL, THE DESIDEROBUS IS DULL-WITTED! TELL IT RIGHT NOW WHAT IT IS YOU WANT.
I WANT IT TO TAKE ME NEAR THE...
!

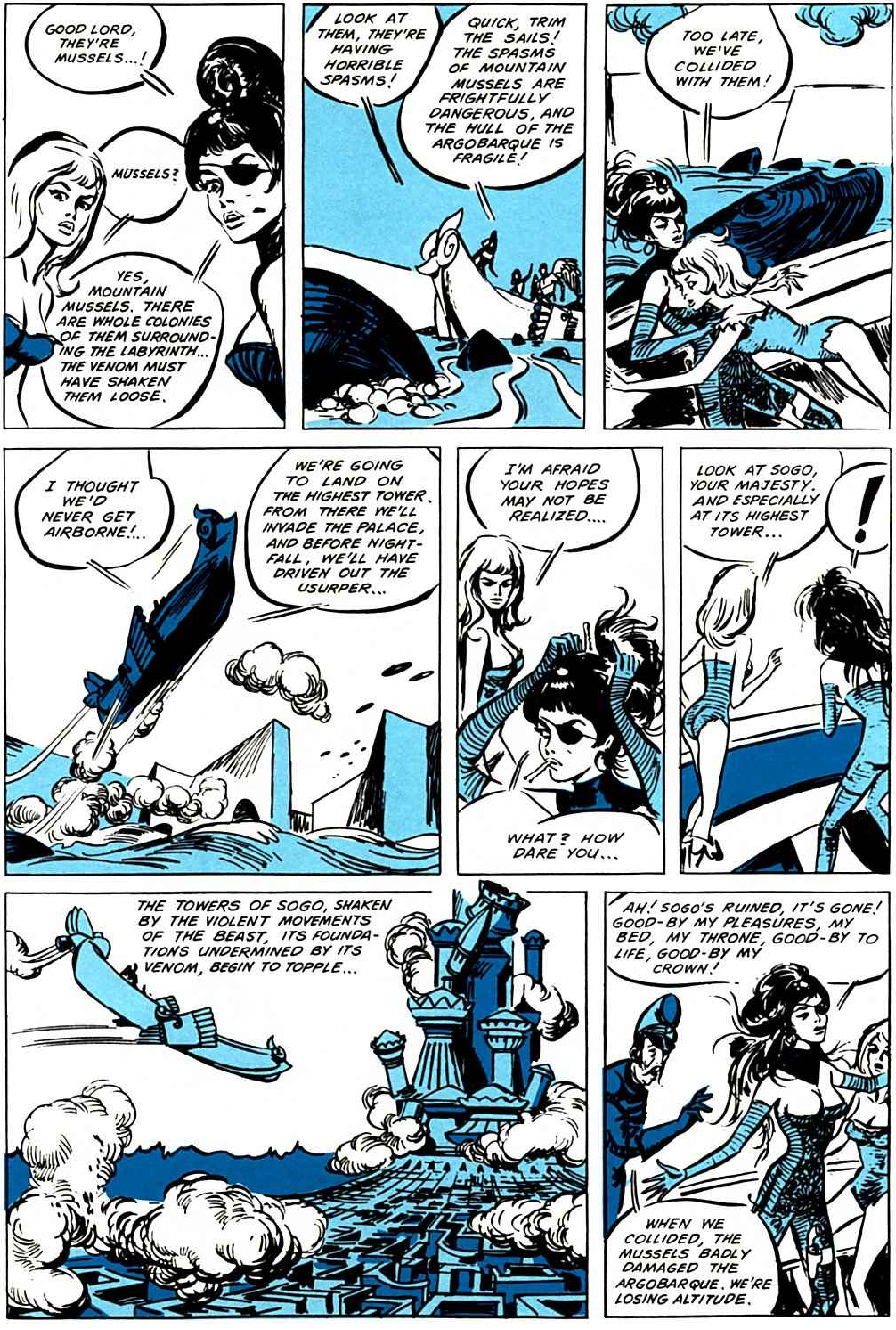

I MUST HAVE EXPRESSED MYSELF POORLY....
GREAT! THE QUEEN IS INDISPOSED, PYGAR IS STILL TOO WEAK TO BE OF ANY HELP, AND HERE I AM LOST IN THE MIDST OF THE LABYRINTH, A POOR LITTLE GIRL, ALL ALONE.
AH-HA! I THINK I HEAR SOME VOICES.
DEAR OLD DURAN, HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!
VENUS! I'D ABOUT GIVEN UP ON YOU....
I LEFT THE QUEEN OF SOGO AND PYGAR SOMEWHERE OVER IN THAT DIRECTION. THEY'RE A LITTLE UNDER THE WEATHER.
LET'S GO FIND THEM. I KNOW THIS PART OF THE LABYRINTH FAIRLY WELL.
PYGAR, PYGAR! WHERE'S THE QUEEN?
SHE'S DUPED YOU. LOOK AT THIS OPENING IN THE WALL.
DO YOU THINK SHE SLIPPED OUT THROUGH HERE?... IF ONLY THIS PASSAGE TURNS OUT TO BE THE EXIT FROM THE LABYRINTH!
GET AWAY FROM THERE, YOU WRETCHED CREATURE!
THE STONES ARE FLYING BACK INTO PLACE. WHY, THAT'S TERRIBLE, WE MUST SAVE THIS POOR... MAN!
TOO LATE, BARBARELLA, ONLY THE QUEEN HAS THE POWER TO RAZE THESE WALLS.

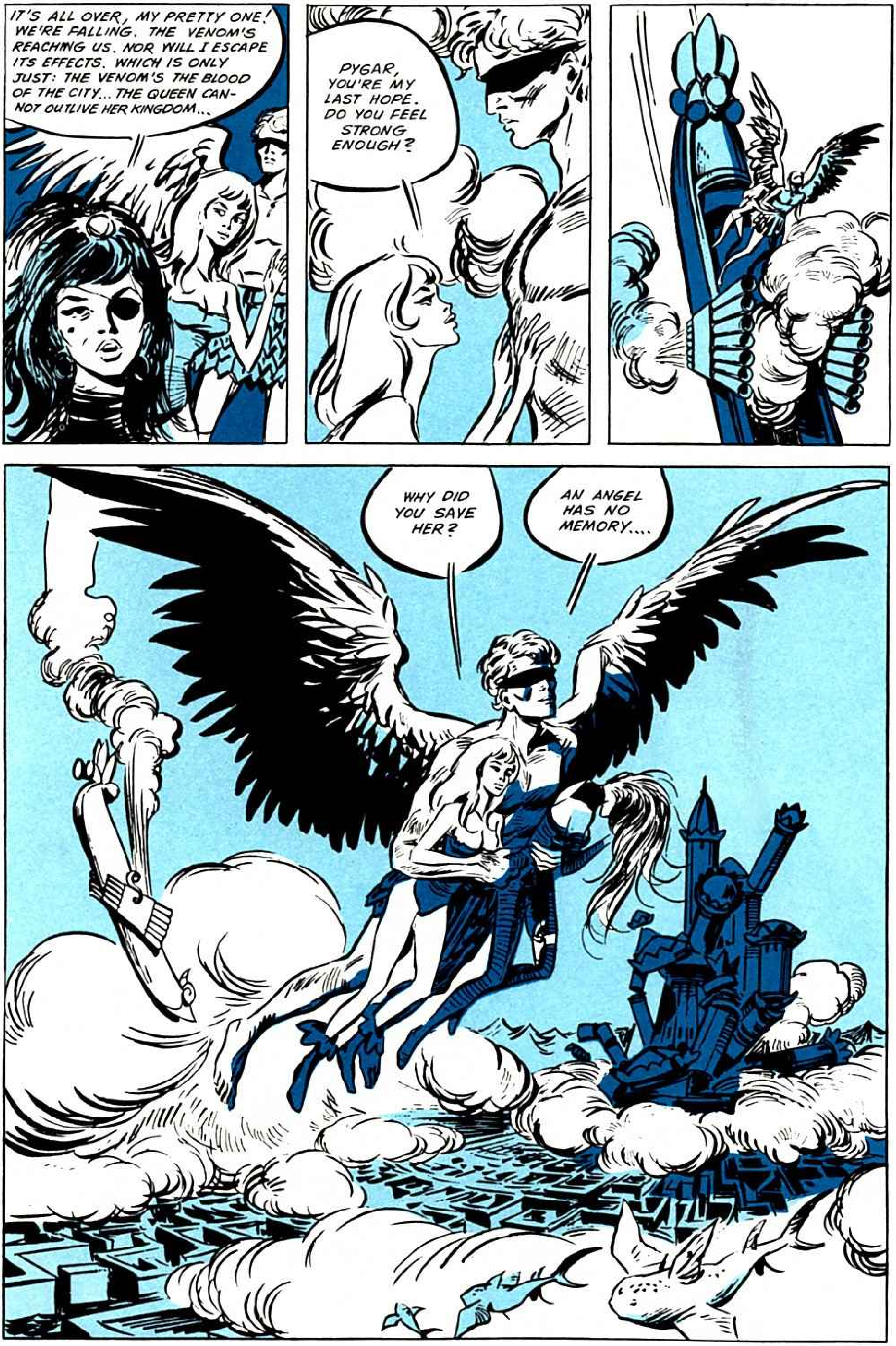

HOW GHASTLY! BUT HOW COULD THE QUEEN HAVE PIERCED SUCH A HOLE?
THEY SAY SHE ALWAYS CARRIES A WALL-PIERCING PISTOL... THE RESULT? BECAUSE NO WALL IS WITHOUT ITS SECRET PAS-SAGEWAY, SHE NEVER GETS INTO A DEAD END SITUATION.
THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. I'VE SEEN HER IN EMBAR-RASSING SITUATIONS. BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE WALL FILLED IN AGAIN...
IT'S VERY SIMPLE: THE WALL IS COMPOSED OF LIVING MINERALS. WE HAD NO MORE THAN BREACHED IT WHEN IT BEGAN TO CLOSE UP AGAIN. I ALMOST SAID "HEAL"...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE EXCAVATION WHERE PYGAR WAS LIVING?
TOTALLY DIFFERENT. THERE IT WAS A QUESTION OF THE WALL'S BEING ILL. BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE WALL'S VERY ILL...
WHAT ARE THOSE SCREAMS AGAIN? A GOOD MANY DRAMATIC SITUATIONS BEGIN WITH SCREAMING.
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
THEY SAY THAT THE DAY OF GREAT ABOMINATION HAS COME.
I'D RATHER NOT KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS... THE QUEEN HAS REACHED SOGO AND GIVEN THE FATAL ORDER TO THE BEAST TO SPEW FORTH ITS VENOM!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?...
IN A FEW MINUTES THE LABYRINTH WILL BE SUBMERGED BY A WAVE OF DEATH!


LET'S CLIMB UP ON TOP OF THE WALLS.
WHAT ABOUT THE SHARKS?
THERE MUST BE SOME WEAPONS IN THE DESIDEROBUS...
IT'S HORRIBLE! IF THE QUEEN TOLD THE TRUTH, WE CAN'T EVEN SAVE THE PEOPLE CLINGING TO THE WALLS. THEY'RE PERMEATED WITH THE VENOM... IN A FEW MINUTES IT WILL BE ALL OVER.
LOOK, THE AIR SHARKS HAVE COME FLOCKING. BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO REACH US....
I THINK I KNOW WHY, TOO...
THE VENOM, BY TAKING THE PLACE OF THE LAYER OF AIR CONTAINED BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THE LABYRINTH, FORCES IT TO REPEL THE LAYER OF LIGHTER AIR IN WHICH THE SHARKS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO MANEU-VER... AND THAT HAS SAVED OUR LIVES...
I HEAR THE SOUND OF A MOTOR. IT MUST BE THE BLACK GUARDS. THIS TIME WE'VE REALLY HAD IT!


HERE THEY COME. THE BLACK GUARDS ARE ATTACKING!
I SEE SOMETHING ELSE COMING FROM SOGO.
THE BLACK GUARDS HAVE STOPPED ATTACKING, AND HAVE REGAINED ALTITUDE...
YES, BUT THIS OTHER THING IS APPROACHING...
I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THEY'VE COME TO GIVE US A HAND!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT.
BARBARELLA, MY PET, I WAS SURE I'D FIND YOU SAFE AND SOUND!
WHAT NERVE SHE HAS COMING HERE... I'M GOING TO DISEMBOWEL HER!


BARBARELLA, IT WASN'T ME WHO GAVE THE ORDER TO OPEN FIRE ON THE BEAST AND FLOOD THE LABYRINTH. AS SOON AS IT BECAME KNOWN THAT I WAS KIDNAPPED, THERE WAS A PALACE REVOLT. GRONF II, THE CARETAKER, USURPED THE THRONE. HE'S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERY-THING.
POOR GIRL, IS THAT THE BEST STORY YOU COULD DREAM UP?
PLEASE, BARBARELLA, DO BELIEVE ME. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU A PROPOSAL TO PROVE I'M NOT LYING: USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO GET THE PRISONERS TO HELP ME REGAIN MY THRONE. IN RETURN I'LL LEAD THEM OUT OF HERE AND OPEN THE GATES TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
DON'T BELIEVE HER. SHE'S STILL GOT SOME MISCHIEF PLANNED FOR US.
WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE...!
I ACCEPT. BUT FIRST HAVE THE BLACK GUARDS HAND OVER THEIR WEAPONS TO MY FRIENDS. I'LL JOIN YOU ON THIS CARAVEL, I WANT TO BE IN A POSITION TO GIVE YOU A GOOD SOUND SPANKING WHENEVER THE NEED ARISES.
FAIR ENOUGH. I AGREE ABOUT THE WEAPONS AND... ABOUT THE SPANK-ING...
YOU MEAN TO SAY THE BLACK GUARDS OBEY YOU? YOU TOLD ME THE EXACT OPPOSITE.
I MUST CONFESS I WAS LYING THEN. WAS THAT VERY BAD OF ME?
TERRIFIED, BUT FULL OF HOPE, THE PARIAHS OF THE LABYRINTH CLIMB INTO THE ROCKETS BESIDE THE BLACK GUARDS WHO HAVE REMAINED FAITHFUL TO THE QUEEN.
DURAN, TAKE COMMAND OF THE GUARDS. THE QUEEN WILL GIVE YOU THE CODED FORMULA WHICH WILL ALLOW YOU TO DIRECT THEM BY RADIO. PYGAR WILL GO WITH ME. I MAY NEED HIS STRENGTH, I HAVE ONLY THE HIGHEST DISTRUST FOR OUR ROYAL VIPER....
A CARETAKER ON MY THRONE! IT MAKES ME WILD JUST TO THINK OF IT.
WHAT ARE THEY? THEY LOOK LIKE SUBMARINES.


GOOD LORD, THEY'RE MUSSELS...!
MUSSELS?
YES, MOUNTAIN MUSSELS. THERE ARE WHOLE COLONIES OF THEM SURROUNDING THE LABYRINTH... THE VENOM MUST HAVE SHAKEN THEM LOOSE.
LOOK AT THEM, THEY'RE HAVING HORRIBLE SPASMS!
QUICK, TRIM THE SAILS! THE SPASMS OF MOUNTAIN MUSSELS ARE FRIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS, AND THE HULL OF THE ARGOBARQUE IS FRAGILE!
TOO LATE, WE'VE COLLIDED WITH THEM!
I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET AIRBORNE!...
WE'RE GOING TO LAND ON THE HIGHEST TOWER. FROM THERE WE'LL INVADE THE PALACE, AND BEFORE NIGHTFALL, WE'LL HAVE DRIVEN OUT THE USURPER...
I'M AFRAID YOUR HOPES MAY NOT BE REALIZED....
WHAT? HOW DARE YOU...
LOOK AT SOGO, YOUR MAJESTY. AND ESPECIALLY AT ITS HIGHEST TOWER...
!
THE TOWERS OF SOGO, SHAKEN BY THE VIOLENT MOVEMENTS OF THE BEAST, ITS FOUNDATIONS UNDERMINED BY ITS VENOM, BEGIN TO TOPPLE...
AH! SOGO'S RUINED, IT'S GONE! GOOD-BY MY PLEASURES, MY BED, MY THRONE, GOOD-BY TO LIFE, GOOD-BY MY CROWN!
WHEN WE COLLIDED, THE MUSSELS BADLY DAMAGED THE ARGOBARQUE. WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE.


IT'S ALL OVER, MY PRETTY ONE! WE'RE FALLING. THE VENOM'S REACHING US. NOR WILL I ESCAPE ITS EFFECTS. WHICH IS ONLY JUST: THE VENOM'S THE BLOOD OF THE CITY... THE QUEEN CANNOT OUTLIVE HER KINGDOM...
PYGAR, YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE. DO YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH?
WHY DID YOU SAVE HER?
AN ANGEL HAS NO MEMORY....

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BARBARELLA

BY JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST

Translated by Richard Seaver

"Two art forms, the comic strip and the female nude—one only half a century old, the other an hour older than human history—come together with a BANG! in *Barbarella,* lushly imagined and liquidly drawn by French painter Jean-Claude Forest.... In his blend of sensuous science fiction and witty mythology, luminous hallucination and perverse melodrama, Forest has achieved a mutation of the imagination; he has created in Barbarella the very a*pop*theosis of eroticism." —*Playboy*

Barbarella, with her long hair and sonorous name, her baby face and disdain for needless clothes, finds herself on the planet Lythion, where she has made a forced landing while traveling alone through outer space in her rocket. She is a creature of the future who is confronted with the monsters and robots of the strange planet, and she is put to one test after another. She vanquishes evil in whatever form she finds it, and rewards, in her particular fashion, all the handsome men that she meets during her adventures. And, whether battling sadists or turning her ray gun on gelatinous monsters, she cannot seem to avoid losing all or part of her skin-tight space suit.

Jean-Claude Forest was born in 1930 in Perreux, France. A painter, he exhibited at the Galerie Schmidt in Paris in 1965. *Barbarella* was originally intended as a game, privately done for the amusement of himself and his friends, but it was immediately successful with the French public and later in several other European countries and in the United States. Monsieur Forest is currently engaged in fabricating further perils—and rewards—for his handsome heroine.

A major Paramount picture starring Jane Fonda
Produced by Dino DeLaurentiis
Directed by Roger Vadim

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